

THE WAR \$ CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, N.W. AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

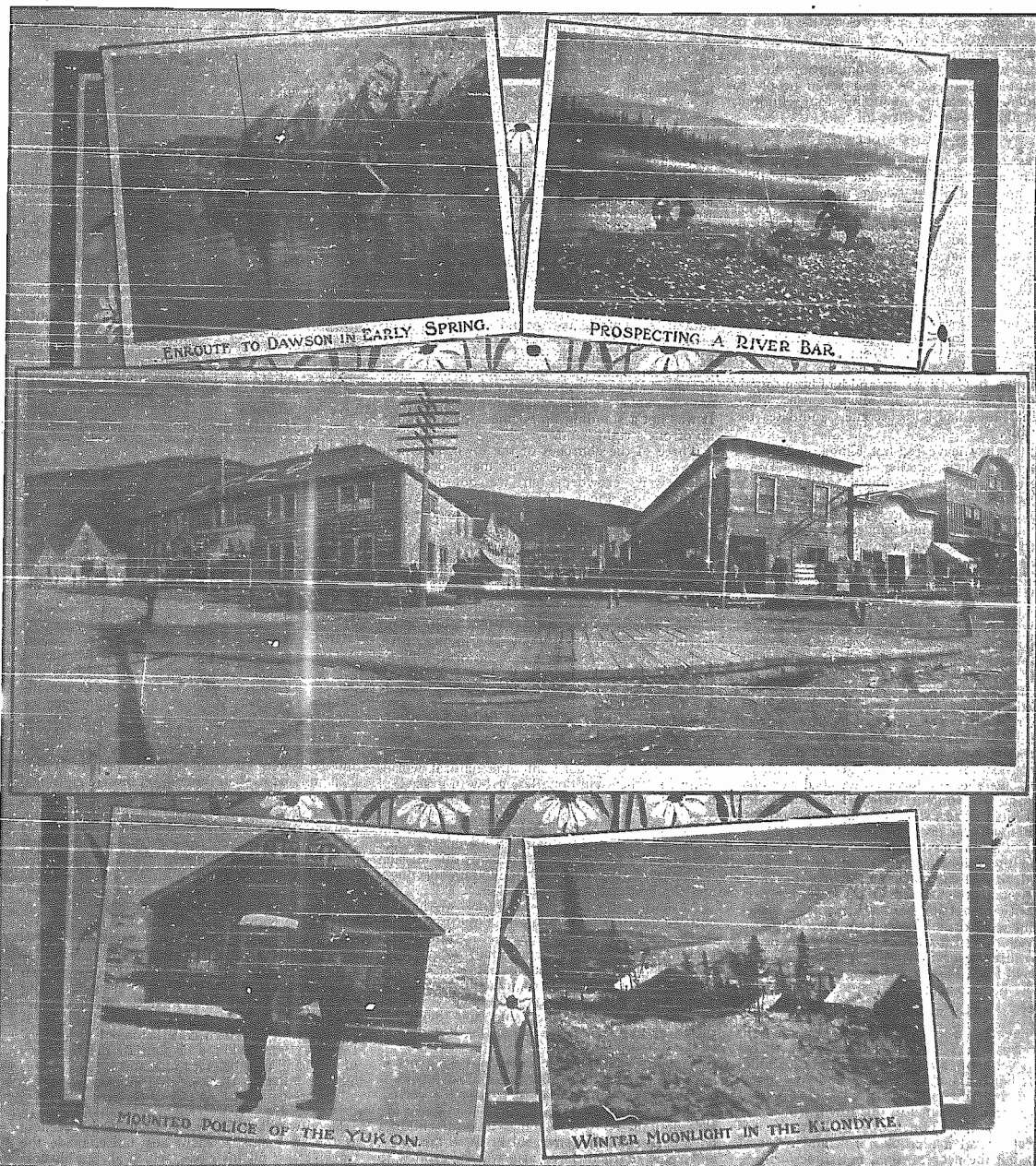
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WILLIAM BOOTH,
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EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.

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SCENES IN THE YUKON.

(See "Homeward Bound," page 9.)

The Spanish Town Revival.

Its Birth and Progress.

AN INCIDENT IN OUR WEST INDIAN WARFARE.

"You people of Spanish Town are a kind-hearted lot of people. You attend our meetings well, and help us in the collections. You like our songs and learn to sing them. You love to hear our musical instruments, and even our Army drum. You admire our methods and praise our Social Work; but you refuse to be converted at our penitent form. Nor will you weep on account of your sins, or even be serious when spoken to about your souls. The officers who have labored in this town for more than a year speak of your kindness, from Commissioner Cadman downwards; but you will not give your hearts to God."

This is what I told the people of Spanish Town when I came here to special one Sunday a few months ago. I had to carry the drum to the meeting myself, while the Lieutenant carried the flag; for there were but two of us, save a daft boy who could not come out during the day for want of clothes. We had seven people to the holiness meeting, including four children, and at night about twenty, all told.

"WAS SHE STOLEN?"

Many readers of the Canadian Cry will remember an article under the above heading which appeared about twelve months ago, accompanied by a photo-engraving of Ethel Henry, who was the one said to have been stolen. She and her younger sister, Beatrice, were converted at the Kingston III. corps, and they had to undergo a great deal of persecution from their relations and friends.

These two black girls are natives of Spanish Town, but they went with their mother to live a year in Kingston. During the very first month they became converted. From being converts, and then recruits, they had become blood-and-fire soldiers in God's Army, and had been sanctified and made meet for the Master's use. More than that, they had both become Candidates for officership.

Should they leave red-hot Kingston III. and return with their mother to Spanish Town, where the Army work, to quote a Staff Officer, just wanted someone to read the burial service over it? That was the question. Said the devil, "None but white officers are wanted or listened to there, so you won't be able to do anything." But in saying this Satan overdid himself, for they remembered that God was no respecter of persons. So they decided to come, unless the Lord thought fit to stop them.

They arrived in Spanish Town during a heavy downpour of rain. The streets were flooded, and it was with difficulty that they got from the railway station. "You couldn't think of going in the streets to-night," said the devil. But they detected his voice, and went. It was their first open-air, and the Lieutenant-in-charge stood alongside of them, and looked on. "I was a hell-deserving sinner," said Ethel, "perhaps a bit too good for hell, but not good enough for heaven," as she graphically described her conversion at the penitent form. These, and similar striking words, were passed from mouth to mouth among the people of Spanish Town. So much so that the next night the crowd was larger, and the following night the street became blocked, so that the police had to stop the meeting. None of the sinners would yield, however, until the two sisters broke down in a prayer meeting, and wept over those whom they longed to see saved. Then it was that many of the people wept, and three or four knelt in the open-air to be prayed for. This was the beginning, and this was how it came about.

AN EMPTY BARRACKS.

We have had a fine barracks for some months now in Spanish Town. It was formerly a Constabulary Station, and is an upstairs brick building. It holds about 200 people and was given, rent free, by the Government, who have a number of unused buildings in this town, which was once the capital of Jamaica. The barracks was well scented, had a nice platform, and a set of lamps; but the people would not come inside—some said because it was not centrally situated! So it was never used, except on Sunday nights,

when it would sometimes be a quarter full. Indeed a part of the barracks was partitioned off, so that it might serve as an officers' quarters.

But a change came over the spirit of the scene, and night after night crowded open-air services were held. Then marches to the barracks, followed by soul-saving meetings. Fourteen men and women, mostly young people, surrendered the first week, and thirty-two during the fortnight which followed. Many of them were some of the worst characters of the town—trophies of divine grace.

By a somewhat strange coincidence, myself and wife were appointed to command the Spanish Town corps towards the end of last month. We really asked for a field appointment before the awakening began, but a few weeks elapsed before I could conveniently quit my duties at Territorial Headquarters, so that we arrived here about four weeks ago, and found the revival fairly started. We were at once cheered by the sight of some intelligent converts, who, in the face of a noisy crowd, stood soldier-like to their guns, and told what God, through the Army, had done for them. We were glad to get such spiritual help as we found the two Sisters Henry to be, and I may mention that one has been made the Sergeant-Major of the corps, and the other a visiting and Junior Sergeant.

A MONTH'S MISSION.

We had already planned that our first month in Spanish Town should be a mission month. Staff-Capt. Williams, our Divisional Officer, had promised his presence, and that of his wife. Praise God for wonderful victory. During the first week thirty-nine souls were registered at the penitent form at the different meetings, and the barracks was crowded out, even after the partition was taken down. The platform had to be enlarged on three different occasions, so as to seat the converts who had decided to be Salvationists. During the second week forty souls professed conversion, to the dismay of the devil; the third week forty-one, and last week eighteen, making a total of 138 souls for the month. Each of these had come to the penitent form, and had prayed publicly, and been faithfully dealt with. It was not a standing-up business, or a holding-up of one's right hand.

Three of the churches of the town have been placed at our disposal on as many occasions. They were crowded, but we got no souls at either of them. Our mission was not to the churches, although we were glad of their financial help. Indeed, of the 160 who have professed conversion since the awakening set in, not more than about a dozen were members of churches, so they have not accused us of sheep-stealing, but have publicly prayed for the success of our work.

We came here and found seven soldiers and recruits on our books. They now number fifty, and nearly all of them wear uniform. Those who have no other mark wear a piece of red ribbon as a "sore-eye" to the ungodly, and as a mark for Jesus Christ. Two of the converts were once sent to prison for disturbing Army meetings, and a few others have been to prison otherwise. Some are doubtless "weaklings," but so are babes born into the natural world. With care they will doubtless grow in grace and become a credit to God and the Salvation Army.

THE EARLY WORK.

Said Staff-Capt. Williams to me one day last week, "The secret of the success of this mission is, I believe, the early morning cottage meetings, and the house to house visitation."

At half-past six every morning we have a cottage meeting in some part of the town. As many converts as can manage to attend are present, and the houses being small we generally have the meeting beneath the cocoanut trees in the yards at the back of the dwellings. At one of these fifteen souls were completely broken down on account of their sins, and they wept their way to the cross. The meeting lasted nearly three hours.

After the early morning meetings we generally put in three or four hours of soul-saving visitation. We are for the most part well received, and have been made a blessing to many who are sick both in body and soul. Several children have been soundly converted in these meetings, and some of them have afterwards testified to the fact before large congregations. Did space permit, I might recount some striking incidents

regarding this feature of the awakening; but this must remain over for the Young Soldier.

Yes, it is the early worm that catches the spiritual bird. When people are as persistent in soul-saving efforts as they are in commercial pursuits, then there will be a general awakening all round.

REMARKABLE MIRACLES.

"Please, Captain, the Portuguese barber has come to see you." So said a convert who came to help us in our household duties, as she called a sad-looking white man into my presence.

"I have been much troubled in mind these last few days," said he, "about my spiritual condition, so I have come to speak with you, and to ask you to pray with me."

He had been keeping his shaving saloon open on Sundays, but was willing to stick up a notice to the effect that it would henceforth be closed on that day. In fact, he made an unconditional surrender to God, and received pardon then and there. He has since become a recruit, and somewhat surprised us by walking into the meeting two nights ago in a red jacket. "When I go in for a thing, I go in for it with all my heart," he said. That being the case he will probably find himself at home in the Salvation Army.

Rosetta Thomas could hold it out no longer. She had attended many meetings, and was evidently under conviction, but up to now had not yielded, so she went weeping to the Sergeant-Major's house, where she was dealt with effectually. Others have come direct to the Divisional Headquarters, and some have sent for us, both during the night and during the day. Rosetta now wears a red bodice, and a uniform hat, and both her brother and sister are converted.

One note that reached us reads as follows: "Tell the Adjutant, or his wife, to come at once to pray for Rosey, for she has been weeping all night, and I cannot comfort her."

Nor was the Lord's dealings confined to sinners alone. One of our comrades saw that he should give up smoking. He tried to, in his own strength, but failed. But the question worried his mind, and he could not sleep. "Get up and smoke, and then you can get some rest," said Satan, and he foolishly followed his advice. A few hours afterwards he was awakened by a little girl, who cried out that the house was on fire. And so it was. The piece of cigarette that he had thrown away had ignited some clothes, which had steadily burnt until it set fire to the flooring. Providentially he woke up in time to put it out, or smoking may have caused his death. Let us hope that he will never smoke again.

BANK OF FAITH NOTES.

The devil seemed determined that we should not have converts' meetings. He tried with a persistency worthy of a better cause to get his followers inside. We had, more than once, to tell the police to keep them out, for they bombarded the doorway. "Nobody shall come in who does not promise to go to the penitent form and get converted," said the door-keeper. Three men and one woman came in on those conditions. Whether they meant it before they came in we cannot say, but they were faithfully dealt with, and meant it before they went away. Three of the four gave in their names, saying they wished to become recruits. One of them was one of the biggest drunkards of the town. He has backslidden once since then; but when he went to get a drink the young woman who served him tore off his red badge saying he should not disgrace the Salvation Army. This seems to have sobered him, for he has since kept straight.

I could write more about the Spanish Town revival, but this will suffice. We are still getting souls every day, and also money. We have lately had a pair of drums and some other instruments given us which once belonged to a Boys' Brigade Band. Three or four of the members of this band now belong to us, and we are believing for others.—W. Raglan Phillips, Adj.

Good words will do more than hard speeches; as the sunbeams, without any noise, made the traveler cast off his cloak, which all the blustering of the wind could not do, but made him bind it tighter.

BEHIND || PRISON || BARS.

(From the Toronto World.)

A chapel crowded with felons! Five hundred murderers, thieves, and every variety of criminals at worship! This was the unique spectacle the writer witnessed in Kingston Penitentiary last Sunday. The atmosphere of the prison was everywhere—the striped convicts, armed guards, and barred windows. As the long line defiled into the church the big steel doors clanged shut. Ten guards, the warden, three Salvation Army officers, and the writer were locked in the room with the prisoners. Probably no minister ever addressed a harder, more reckless, and altogether desperate congregation. Withal it was an attentive audience, and the services were decidedly impressive.

The stained glass of the windows and decorative art hid the stone and steel. No particular stretch of the imagination was required to feel the religious spirit of the occasion when the sweet-toned organ was vibrating and the fine



The Convict's Cell.

voices of the criminal chorus were heard. A score of stalwart convicts represented the choir. Many trained vocalists were there. An old felon, in glasses—a murderer, and a life man—led, and the organist, also of the penal colony, handled the instrument with the skill of a professional musician.

SCENES IN THE CHAPEL.

The room was probably one and fifty by one hundred feet in the clear. The ceiling was high. The three windows on each side shed a soft light through the colored decorations. At the north end an ample pulpit stands. In the niche formed by each window, seated on a high chair, over-looking all, was an armed guard. No weapons showed, but every man present knew that beneath the smart jacket were concealed heavy revolvers that would spring out at the slightest sign of insubordination. Just without, on the high walls, overlooking the prison chapel, were guards with magazine rifles. Over each window were beautifully executed mottoes—the work of some artist who had earned a term in the institution. There seemed a touch of irony in the first: "The truth shall make you free." With a suggestion of the old Mosaic doctrine was the second: "Recompense to no man evil for evil." Then the artist got personal, and inscribed the warning of the Decalog: "Thou shalt not bear false witness." Getting back to first principles, and probably writing the only sentence familiar to most of those present, he inscribes the homely commandment: "Honor thy father and thy mother."

In one corner a thin partition had been erected for the accommodation of the fifteen women convicts. A slit twenty inches wide, running around, too high to allow a view of either side, yet sufficient to permit the full service to be heard, was the only opening. The sexes don't mingle here. The women were neatly dressed

in calico uniform of white and dark grey stripes.

Attendance at religious service is compulsory. Long lines of low wooden benches receive the worshippers. As they march in, the lockstep, which criminals dislike so thoroughly, was not required. The convicts say after a long term in prison they become so accustomed to the shuffle of the lockstep that they unconsciously give their bodies the swinging motion after regaining their liberty. This aids to identify them with their prison life, which they hope to forget.

The regular chaplain was not present, and Warden Platt announced that Major Archibald, of the Salvation Army, Toronto, would conduct the service. The regular minister is a fine type of the old school, and believes in theological discourses in the purest sense. The warden admits that the rank and file don't particularly desire this sort of thing, but that there are many philosophers and highly-educated men among the rabble gathered here, and in deference to the best element among the inmates, the doctrinal sermon is insisted upon.

SURPRISE FOR CONVICT COLONY.

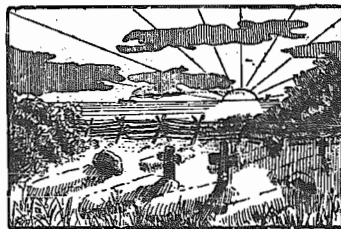
So the Salvation Army service was a surprise and apparently a very pleasant one for the convict colony. As the young woman with the poke bonnet marched into the pulpit, with her guitar, every prisoner looked the interest he felt. Their emotion was soon aroused, and they displayed it with a freedom scarcely expected of men charged with the commission of every crime on the calendar.

The 103rd Psalm was read, and the choir rendered "Nearer, my God, to Thee." The old murderer was leading with a magnificent soprano. Then Major Archibald told the story of the healing of the sick man in the pool by the market place in Jerusalem. He explained St. John's version of Christ's generosity as applied in this instance, how the old decrepit had been always pushed back by the stronger in the throng as the waters were disturbed and the moment arrived for the sick man to plunge into its healing depth and be made whole. The Salvation Army minister drew a picture of hope from this miracle for the wretched criminals around him. Continuing, the speaker referred to his work among the outcasts of other prisons, how an old wreck had come to him one day in Toronto, and said, "Brother Archibald, I was in that prison—one of the convicts—when you talked to us a year ago. I felt the Spirit of the Lord suddenly pierce my soul. My confinement was made lighter at once. Now I am on the right road. I want you to pray for me. I know what the joy of living is, and I was converted in prison." Concluding, he explained the generous Spirit of Jesus Christ that covered all men and all conditions. It was a comforting word-picture, and the big crowd of old felons were strangely silent as the sermon was concluded.

TEARS AND SIGHS HERE.

A number drew their striped sleeves across their eyes, and there were heavy sighs as the deep-toned organ pealed forth. I glanced at the stern-looking warden. There was a great big tear trickling down his right cheek. He did not appear embarrassed by his emotion. On the front bench I observed a curious-looking wreck of a man. Possibly sixty, as grey as a rat, with thin, effeminate features and enormous blue eyes. He seemed to drink in every word and the spirit of the speaker. His limbs were crossed, exposing the splintered stump of a wooden leg, worn and battered in contact with the steel and iron of his cell. A guard afterwards remarked to the writer that the old fellow was a desperate character, serving years for murder and unprovoked crime.

The silence was broken by the choir responding to Major Archibald's invitation to sing "Rock of Ages." Then the young woman in the blue uniform and red girdle of the Army rendered a simple, homely air, accompanying herself on the guitar. Her voice blended sweetly with the alto of her assistant and the deep bass of Major Archibald. Every face among the felons lighted up with pleasure. There was no applause, but the pleading looks were more elo-



The Convicts' Cemetery, Kingston, Ont.

quent than hand-clapping. Understanding the mute invitation, the song was repeated. Then the Salvation trio went inside the enclosure for a few words with the women prisoners, while the organist continued a prelude. Returning, the audience rose, and all joined in the doxology. A sign from the chief guard and the men took up their march back to the cells, being joined en route by those from the little Catholic chapel, for all inmates are given their choice of religious exercises here. The majority are Protestants.

Evolution of the Salvation Army.

GERMANY.—(Continued.)

It was on Christmas Eve, 1897. The darkness was just approaching, the weather was cold and unkindly, and the street-lamps were being lighted, and here and there through the windows already shone the candles of brightly-decorated Christmas trees, when a girl, with a bundle in her arms, rung the door-bell at Headquarters. She was poorly and insufficiently dressed; sorrow and grief were written on her face. Being questioned, she told her story, under many tears and pauses.

She was an orphan—without father, or mother, or friends—brought up in an orphanage, and finally sent out to service. There she became acquainted with a man, who promised to marry her, but when he found out the consequences of his betrayal, left her. She was admitted to the general hospital, and, according to the rules of the institution, she was dismissed ten days after the birth of the child. So, on the morning of the 24th of December, she went into the street with her little burden. She had a little money, and at once set out to look for lodgings, but as soon as the people saw her child she was refused admittance. She went from one house to another without success. It was noon, and still she wandered with the child in her arms, through the streets. She remembered a few people with whom she became acquainted while in service, but they also denied her shelter. Again she went on a hunt for a boarding house, but her seeking was in vain. The evening approached; she had just reached the bridge mentioned above. Thousands passed back and forward, and the stream of wagons, street cars, carriages, and foot passengers was by this time greater than ever. The square close by was filled with Christmas trees, and the quaint stalls of street vendors, besieged by the surging mass of men, women, and children, who made their last purchases for Christmas. But who had time to trouble about the poor girl, who stood in one of the niches in the bridge with a heart full of hopelessness?

What could she do? Where will her child sleep to-night?—these people and these children which are passing her, have a home to go to, and a bed to sleep in, but where can she lay her child? Suddenly someone touched her on the arm.

"What is your trouble?" asked the woman, who had noticed the girl's tears, and had stepped aside from the pressing multitude. Briefly her tale of sorrow was told.

"Go across there to the Salvation Army," said the woman, pointing to our sign. "I think they will help you." So it happened she found her way to us.

She lifted the shawl in which she had wrapped her baby to let us have a look at its sweet face. "What a beautiful child!" was the exclamation from several lips. That night the mother and child slept in our Rescue Home. To-day the girl is a happy soldier, and a faithful servant, who is greatly esteemed by her mistress.

And her child? She was adopted by the Commissioner, and really furnished the first thought of our Children's Shelter.



Canadian Cuttings.

A new steamboat company is being organized at Hamilton to put on a boat between Hamilton and Toronto.

A new Roman Catholic Church was dedicated at Wallacetown.

Dr. J. W. McLaughlin, of Bowmanville, Registrar for West Durham, is dead.

Mr. Owen Roblin, postmaster at Amoliasburg, Ont., since 1845, died, aged 97.

Geo. H. Bayne, a wealthy Rossland miner, died as the result of injuries received in an encounter with a bear.

As the result of a collision in the G.T.A. yards, at Niagara Falls, Ont., four boys on an excursion train were injured.

The C.P.R. common stock was placed on a six per cent. yearly basis.

The tonnage of seagoing vessels from Montreal shows a record increase.

Montreal Chinamen have formed a branch of the Chinese Reform Association.

George Rowley, ex-Manager of the Elgin Loan Company, of St. Thomas, was sentenced to twelve years in the penitentiary for forgery, theft, and perjury.

Good reports come from the Government explorers in the Lake Abitibi region.

Fire in the box factory of J. W. Barnard & Co. did five thousand dollars' damage.

Labor men complain that they are ignored by the Congress of Chambers of Commerce of the Empire.

A bad gang of burglars, who have been operating extensively in Toronto and vicinity, were captured yesterday while engaged in robbing a house. Charles Quackenbush, an escaped convict, was among them.

In the House of Commons the bill incorporating the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, establishing a railway commission, and consolidating the law relating to railways, and making provision for the retirement of Judges were passed and sent on to the Senate.

British Briefs.

The Irish land bill passed the committee stage in the House of Lords.

Mr. Balfour, of the House of Commons, said that the news from the Balkans was far from reassuring.

U. S. Siftings.

The International Typographical Union is holding its 49th annual session in Washington.

During a panic in a big excursion crowd, at New York, caused by four men and a boy falling between an excursion barge and the dock, a woman threw a heavy life-preserver, striking one of the men on the top of the head. He sank instantly.

Eight were killed and hundreds injured by the collapse of a sidewalk at the Philadelphia baseball grounds.

A negro, Amos Jones, was hanged by a mob at Hattiesburg, Miss., for shooting and mortally wounding Jailer M. M. Sexton.

Heavy frost in sections of Orange and Sullivan counties, New York, destroyed a large quantity of buckwheat and injured many acres of corn.

International Items.

Cardinal Santo, of Venice, has been declared Pope, and assumed the title of Pius X. His coronation took place with great ceremony.

Five Chinese reformers have been arrested at Pekin.

Moorish troops pursuing rebels entered French territory, and a conflict ensued, in which several French and Moorish soldiers were killed and wounded.

Five reformers were arrested in Pekin, one being the brother of the Viceroy of Wuhan.

Police have been stationed at all the gates to prevent men suspected to be reformers from leaving the city.

The Hungarian Cabinet has resigned.

The trial of the Humbert family has begun in Paris.

The Colima volcano in Mexico continues in a violent state of activity.

An attempt was made to assassinate President Combes, in Marseilles.

Bulgarian bands have devastated five Mussulman villages in the Kastoria district.

The Russians refuse representatives of other powers a footing of equality in the Chinese treaty port of Niuichwang.

The British Board of Trade and Treasury permanent officials have unanimously advised against Mr. Chamberlain's tariff proposals.

The temperature in Paris reached 86 degrees fahrenheit. There were numerous cases of sunstroke, six of which proved fatal.

The United States Navy Department authorized a denial of the report that the European squadron is destined to Chinese and Japanese waters.

Three Macedonian villages were destroyed by Turks.

The Macedonian leader says all railways there will be destroyed.

At least eleven people were killed in an underground railway accident in Paris.

Japanese politicians have formed a national association to oppose Russian designs.

The number of strikers in Russia is half a million, supporting nearly three millions.

The Macedonian committee has issued a justification for rebellion, and an appeal to Christian powers for help.

Helping Hands Needed

From the following story of how a man was hounded to moral death by officials and civilians alike, after once being incarcerated behind prison bars, one can understand somewhat of the difficulties through which an ex-prisoner has to pass. Surely this one incident will demonstrate the necessity of helping hands being stretched out to these unfortunates through such agencies as our Prison Gate Work:

STORY OF A BURGLAR'S LIFE.

"I was 37 years of age when I was released, could read, write, and had a common school education. I had a practical knowledge of book-making. This I had acquired in the prison. A young man when I entered prison, I had resolved to starve before I would live a criminal life when released. My early training had not been good, and I had become a burglar before I was eighteen. I first robbed drunken men around saloons, and then began bolder work. I was in trying to escape from a residence one night I shot a man. He would have killed me had I not fired. I believe this is the rule with burglars—not to shoot to avoid arrest, but to use a revolver when their victim is about to shoot. Anyway, that was my way. I left the prison in the winter with \$15, a ticket to Windsor. I was well clothed, but did not have an overcoat. My first thought was to go to the far West, change my name, and apply for work. I stopped in Kingston at a cheap board-house. While looking around I secured work for two weeks in the local machine shops. They knew I was a discharged convict, but they needed men. Just as soon as the rush was over I was discharged. Concluding to cross into the States, where I was less likely to meet police officers who knew me, I sold my ticket for \$4. I went to Syracuse, N.Y. I had \$14 when I got there. The first week I got a position paying \$2.75 a day in the car shops, operating a nut and bolt machine. I got along well. My boss asked me where I had worked before employing me. I had a story till prepared.

"From an American in prison I had learned much of St. Louis shops; also that it was not customary to ask for letters of character in the United States. I had wanted to get further away from the scene of my imprisonment, but I got this job and I took it. So I told this boss of the shop that I was from St. Louis; that my

name was King, and that I had come from the Steel and Iron Co's works. I remained there seven weeks, and had saved two-thirds of my salary. My work was good, and I had been advanced to a position of more responsibility. One day the foreman of my room sent me to the shop boss and told me to get my 'time.' I asked why, and was merely told, 'You know why, you are a convict.'

"I never made any reply. I did not know for several days how they had secured the information. Then I learned that at my boarding-house there was a workman who had an acquaintance at Kingston. He visited the boarding-house and saw and recognized me. I did not see him. They told the police, and they reported to the shop where I was employed. I then learned that the Syracuse detectives had been watching me for a week.

"I had \$35, so I bought a ticket to Chicago. An officer in plain clothes was waiting for me. They had watched where I bought my ticket, and sent a telegram ahead. The officer said, 'The captain wants to see you.' That's a gentle way they have of saying, 'Come along, I want to lock you up until the police captain of the district can talk to you and look you over.' I was taken to a police station and charged with vagrancy. I was in jail seven days before spoken to. Then the captain sent for me. He had written to the penitentiary for my full record.

"He said, 'You can't live in my district, and you can't live in Chicago; better go back to Canada.' I told him I wanted to work, and proposed to work and be honest. He shrugged his shoulders and replied, 'Well, you can't work here. I will give you twenty-four hours to leave.'

"That meant that if I was found in Chicago after one day I would be arrested again. I had \$7 left. I went down to the lake front and made a deal by which I could work my way to Duluth, but the next morning when I went aboard of the freighter the mate called me a 'Canadian convict,' and told me to clear. I began to feel mighty nasty by that time. I was rapidly losing any resolution I ever had to let my old criminal friends alone. I had not yet met any of them, but I knew where to find them if I wished. But I was not quite ready. I made one final effort and—failed.

SANK TO OLD LEVEL.

"I concluded to go to Milwaukee. The fare was \$5. I bought a scalper's ticket for \$4, thinking I would save a dollar. I got on the train. The conductor took one look at the ticket, punched it, and said, 'You can't ride on my train with no ticket like that; it's an excursion ticket that's just a year old.' I examined it. Sure enough the ticket read good in March of the previous year. I had only glanced at the month and not the year. I made as strong a bluff as I could, but the train was stopped at a platform away out in the suburbs and I was ejected. I made up my mind the company owed me a trip to Milwaukee, and I was going to get it. I got on a freight train that night and crawled in a box car. When I woke up I found the car side-tracked down in Southern Illinois. I had gone in the wrong direction. It made little difference, however. It would have been the same in Milwaukee, I suppose. I worked several days for a farmer.

"Then I started to walk to a village a few miles away. I met two other tramps, and we went into town together. A policeman came up and began to question us. Suddenly my two companions ran and the officer grabbed me. He shot at the other two, but they escaped. Then I found that a house had been broken into the day before in an adjoining town by two tramps. I was kept in jail for three months, awaiting trial. I was released without any ceremony. I was ready for any job then. Just what happened, I will not say, but it was enough to start me for Canada, hot foot. I landed at Windsor, and found a couple of pals. They were just the men I wanted to meet. That fall we traveled all over the country, doing little jobs, and in the winter I was caught with some stolen property. A friend had made a touch and given the stuff to me. My record alone was enough without the stuff I had, and I got eight years. I am better off right here in prison. If it is not this it is something worse. I don't believe I would escape to-night if I could."—G. C. Porter, in the Toronto World.

OUR GLOBE ARMY

United States.

The ten-storey fireproof Workingmen's Hotel, on Chatham Square, at the entrance to the Bowery, known as the Braveman Building, is proving a great success. Under the management of Adjt. Welte, the place is proving highly popular and attractive. It marks a new era in the progress of what Commander Booth-Tucker has been pleased to call *Salvosociology*. It is the working man's Walldorf. "Better than the Mills," is a common comment. Health, hope, and help are combined with cleanliness and salvation. The splendid hall on the ground floor, originally intended for saloon purposes, is now turned into a citadel and placed under the spiritual supervision of Adjt. Brown.

The past three weeks have witnessed the removal of our entire composing room in New York City, from the basement to the eighth floor at National Headquarters.

Consul Mrs. Booth-Tucker is at the present in England on S. A. business, and was accompanied by Colonel and Mrs. Higgins, the latter having just recovered from a very serious illness, in which she was at death's door. Though, as stated, the Consul's brief visit is of a business nature, her presence will undoubtedly bring much joy to the heart of her dear father, the General.

In the Capitol Building, New York State, there are no less than fifty weekly War Cry subscribers. The Army's operations are evidently of interest to New York legislators.

Australasia.

The following Salvation Army social figures speak volumes for the great work in Australasia during 1902: Cheap meals, 960,692; beds supplied, 413,024; in Prison Gate Homes, 941; in Boys' Homes, 207; in Girls' Homes, 327; in Rescue Homes, 1,085; in Maternity Homes, 604; children admitted, 157.

The Cadets in the Federal Training Garrison, Melbourne, who are being trained for officership, were greatly moved to pray for the salvation of sinners. One man became converted who had been noted for wickedness. He was brought to the Garrison in a wretched state, obtained forgiveness from God, and began a new life.

He was asked one day for the name of some individual of his acquaintance, as an object of prayer. The Cadets began to pray for this man. Strange as it may seem, the very individual came to the Garrison a few days later, anxious about his soul. He was directed the way he might obtain forgiveness, and he, too, began a new life. His record has been a bad one—thirty years in jail, the companion of criminals for many years—yet for months gone by he has proved the power that can make him into a new creature.

These are indeed brands plucked from the burning, not by the Social Work, but through the ordinary operations of the Army's spiritual work in the Land of the Southern Cross.

A slight alteration in the field system is being arranged in Australasia—all officers will in future receive their commissions direct from Headquarters. This arrangement is supposed to simplify the system very much.

South Africa.

In the Transvaal, notable Social advances are being made. These efforts are being duly recognized by the Transvaal Legislature, which has just decided to grant the Army a subsidy of \$2,500 per year in aid of the operations.

In the Cape Colony, both the Men's and Women's Social Work continue to make rapid strides under Commissioner and Mrs. Kilbey. The opening of new Industrial Homes for Women is the latest enterprise. This was the occasion of a notable gathering in Cape Town a few weeks ago. The Mayor and the Dean of the city were among the distinguished person-

ages present; and His Excellency the Governor, and the Attorney-General, in their letters of regret at being absent, expressed their warm appreciation of the Social Work of the Salvation Army.

The new institutions are admitted by the local press to be valuable auxiliaries to the Rescue Homes already established. One of the buildings just added is for white women, the other for colored. They are large and commodious Homes, fitted up with every convenience, and admirably suited for the purpose in view.

Judging from the first of a series of letters now being published in the South African War Cry, the work in Mashonaland is making considerable headway. Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Bradley, who were appointed to our missionary operations in Rhodesia some two or three years ago, with Lieut. M'Bambo (well-known to not a few comrades in England, which he has twice visited), are now firmly installed and going full speed ahead in the Pearson Settlement, where, only a little time back, nothing was left of the old Settlement.

Norway.

Commissioner Ridsdel and Norway's Chief Secretary, Brigadier Lee, met with a nasty accident a short time ago. In a small trap they were being driven out into the country to inspect some property, and whilst going up a hill, the seat slipped and both the Commissioner and Brigadier were thrown over the tail of the trap. They lay unconscious for some time, and the Commissioner was afterwards obliged to keep his bed for two or three days.

Finland.

In Helsingfors corps there has been in the past a very unruly gang of young lads, who have smashed the windows and seats and other things, and also threatened the soldiers on the streets with knives; but in a meeting conducted by Colonel Povelsen, before his departure, in which he especially aimed at the disturbers, their hearts got stirred, and before the close of that meeting seven of the young lads knelt at the penitent form crying aloud for mercy.

Finland's last opening is Jyväskylä; it was the last corps opened under the leadership of Colonel Povelsen.

Midsummer Day, June 24th, is kept as a general holiday throughout Scandinavia and Finland, and all the people make a great effort to get away to the hills, woods, and lakes. On Midsummer's Eve, Commissioner Ridsdel, of Norway, took out three steamers filled with people, and held a midnight meeting in the woods. The people came flocking together at the sound of the drum. Two steamers filled with Salvationists and friends from Helsingfors, Finland, went for an excursion on Midsummer Day. A meeting was held in a park just outside the town visited, in which several people knelt at the drum-head seeking salvation.

Japan.

A letter from Japan says: "Within the last few days situations for three specially needy women have been found by our League of Mercy, and admission into a hospital has been secured for a girl. This girl is suffering with a diseased hip, which was very bad, and an operation was necessary; but her parents could not afford to send her into a hospital, and she had to lie and be neglected at home. The case was reported to the League of Mercy by a doctor, who is a Local Officer at Tokio III. He is extremely delighted at the prompt action taken."

Great difficulty has been experienced in inducing any considerable number of the Japanese women to undertake strictly public work. To meet this, and yet secure their help in some way, Colonel Bullard has formed among our own people a League of Mercy for helping the helpless and suffering of every class in the towns in which the members of the League reside. To this work the Chief Secretary, Brigadier Dace, refers as follows:

"League of Mercy. This work is going on steadily. The women are unused to systematic work, and especially the reporting of that work,

but the outlook is distinctly promising. In one case at Himaji, the officers found a poor old woman, who had been a bad character, so that no one would go near to help her, although she was very sick. The officer's wife drew the attention of the town authorities to her condition, got some help from them, and then she and her husband nursed the old woman for several weeks, till she died. It was rather a trying case, and her sores stank so much that they had to use disinfectants to make it at all possible to be near her; but the help and attention given to this woman has made our work much better understood in the town. One of the League members in Tokyo has secured work for three persons during March, taking one of her own child's dresses to help fit out one girl, although this member and her family are very poor themselves. In another Tokyo district they found a woman destitute in the streets, and have got her fixed up and earning some sort of living. These will give you some idea of the kind of cases dealt with."

Switzerland.

Some progress is being made in Catholic Switzerland, and from other parts of the land there are encouraging accounts. The following interesting incident is reported by the Chief Secretary, Lieut.-Colonel Govaars:

"Staff-Capt. Marki told me just now that he has presented the colors to the corps of Freiburg, which, as you will remember, is the Roman Catholic city *par excellence* of the country. There are now some twenty-eight converts, recruits, and soldiers nearly every one of them formerly Roman Catholic, and therefore rather backward in spiritual knowledge. Yet they begin to understand salvation and its meaning, and take an active part in the fight. Last Friday the Staff-Captain had there an open-air meeting with more than two hundred people, and the soldiers and converts full of fire.

"One rather encouraging incident is the following: One of the converts, a late Roman Catholic—did not see the ha. of drinking one glass of wine. So he thought he might drink it in moderation. Thus he went into a wineshop and ordered a glass, wearing his S's. But in the same wineshop there were some of the regular visitors of the hall—some of our regular roughs—and they thought he ought not to drink wine, and so they took away from him by force his S's.

"This shows that a conscience is created even in this dark town. The man was at first very much upset and down over it, but he is now keeping right."

Holland.

Colonel Fornachon will succeed Brigadier Van Rossum, Holland's farewell Chief Secretary.

India and Ceylon.

Lieut.-Colonel Yesu Ratnam has been holding special campaigns in Ceylon, and many souls have got converted. The last campaign was at Jaffna, where, during ten days' meetings, no fewer than 150 souls sought salvation and holiness.

West Indies.

Since the arrival of Staff-Captain and Mrs. Naden at Port of Spain they have spent a good deal of time and labor on the fitting up of a new premises for a Home for "Jack" when he is ashore, and it has been opened with great success. The furnishings, etc., are up-to-date, and, best of all, paid for. One gentleman, a subscriber, who looked over the place the night before the opening, was so pleased with the arrangements that he made a present of a beautiful piano to the Home. Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Naden, the officers in charge of the enterprise, are to be congratulated on the undertaking, which promises to be a valuable acquisition to our work in the West Indies.

Germany.

The General's recent visit to Strasburg, Germany, was very favorably commented on by the local press, and as an evidence of appreciation the town authorities also refused to take the rent of the hall in which the meetings were held.

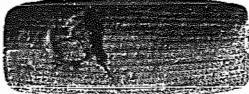
The Soldiers' Arsenal.

Our Sacred Charter.

IV.—THE HISTORICAL BOOKS. (Continued.)

5.—FIRST AND SECOND KINGS.

It may be as well to remind our readers that the books of the Old Testament (from Joshua to Esther) contain the history of the Israelitish people during three great periods of their national life.



Baked Clay Cylinder, giving an account of the capture of Babylon by Cyrus, now to be found in the British Museum.

(1) As a confederation of independent tribes united by religion and blood.

(2) As a monarchy, separated after three generations into two perfectly distinct kingdoms.

(3) As a tributary to foreign invaders. The First and Second Books of Kings, which form the last series of the Old Testament histories, known as the Earlier Prophets, were originally reckoned as a single book.

They give the history of the kingdoms of Israel and Judah from the death of David to the captivity. The history of the two kingdoms is intermingled until the captivity of Israel, after which that of Judah is continued 130 years longer. The whole is a conflict between faith and infidelity; the "sons of God," and "the sons of men"; the worship of Jehovah, the true God, and Baal (the personification of natural causes). Israel declines from God, her kings follow Jeroboam, "who made Israel to sin." She becomes outcast, and her record is wiped out of the book of life.

Both books contain several prophecies, and are quoted by our Lord and the writers of the New Testament as historical. (See Luke iv. 25-27; James v. 17.) Their authorship is uncertain. It is probable that annals of their own times were written by several of the prophets, and that a continuous history of these kingdoms was compiled out of them by Jeremiah or Ezra. These two books embrace a period of 427 years.

Notes on Genesis.

Chapter XIII.

The opening of this lesson informs us that Abram left the land of Egypt, as Pharaoh had commanded.

Abram's action in going down to Egypt without having obtained the Divine consent, reminds us of the proneness of human nature, in times of difficulty, to take things into one's own hands. Here was Abram's opportunity to trust God, who had brought him thus far on his journey. He could have looked after Abram during the famine, or at any rate, if He wanted Abram to go down to Egypt He would have taken him there and brought him back safely, without his having gotten into such trouble on account of his act of deception. What abundant illustration we have all down the ages of the difficulty that is likely to be incurred when we profess to follow God and yet persist in taking some things into our own hands, as though He were not capable of undertaking for us.

"Abram returns, a wiser and better man. When called to leave his native land he had forthwith obeyed. Such obedience evinced the existence of the new power of godliness in his breast. But he got beyond the land of promise into the land of carnality, and out of the way of truth into the way of deceit. Such a course betrays the struggle between moral good and evil which has begun within him. This discovery humbles and vexes him. Self-condemnation and repentance are at work within him. We do not know that all these feelings rise into consciousness, but we have no doubt that their

result, in the subdued, sober, chastened spirit is here, and will soon manifest itself."

"There Abram called upon the name of the Lord." How beautiful this reads after the painful position we see him in, when his unbelief had brought him into difficulty. Oh, that all those who have gotten into similar difficulties from the same cause had acted as wisely as Abram did. As soon as he discovered his mistake, he goes straight back to the place of the altar. Backslider, whether in heart or openly, there is no half-way place, you must go back to the altar. That is the only place where you can meet with God, but once there all difficulties are soon put to an end, and the dismal past is soon forgotten and a glorious future is ushered in.

Another trial of Abram's faith and character is now presented. Prosperity has caused Lot to become selfish, and his companionship is not congenial to the one who is to be the father of the chosen seed.

Abram magnanimously gives Lot his choice of the land. With covetous eyes he looks out upon the richness of the Jordan Valley, and chooses that which appears the best. While he considered that he had the best, only a few years hence he would realize that he made the worst choice, as frequently happens with those who think only of themselves.

Now that Abram has put himself into a right relationship with God, and has separated himself from every worldly association, Jehovah renews His promise with His servant. Now that he is separated from home and kin, he is free to move in accordance with the call and purpose of God.

"In this renewal of the promise to Abram (v. 14-17) we notice the following: (1) Look—fasten thine eyes on it in all directions. (2) It is thine for ever, and will be known through the centuries as the Land of Promise. (3) Thy seed shall be as the multitudinous particles of the dust of the earth, innumerable by man. (4) Walk through the land—a pleasure—survey it as thine own, although thou, in thy lifetime, dost not possess it. (5) Know and remember it is a gift. "I will give it," is twice repeated (v. 15 and 17). What a great deal this lesson teaches us as to the results of unbelief, and it also shows that our happiness and usefulness depends upon a right relationship with God. With that, we can depend upon His promises being effectual on our behalf. Otherwise harassing doubts and fears assert themselves to spoil both.

Instruction Drill.

What a Soldier Should Know About His Duties and Privileges, and the Teachings of the Salvation Army.

IX.—CONFESSION.

His first duty will be to acknowledge the salvation he has obtained in a bold and open manner. An outspoken confession will be found easier than a timid, cowardly one, which seems to say that he is ashamed of the new cause he has espoused and the new Master he has found.

This confession should be made by him:—

(a) Before his comrades. At the penitent form where God saved him, on the very night he finds mercy, or as soon afterwards as possible.

(b) At home. He should go straight away and tell his family of the glorious treasure he has found.

(c) In his workshop or factory, or wherever he may be employed.

(d) In the world. He should confess Christ in the ring at the first open-air meeting he can attend.

(e) He should put on the Army uniform, or a badge or sign in some form or other, that will make all about him understand that he has found Christ, joined His Army, and intends to live for eternity and the salvation of the world.

The Wrongs of the Bible.

Oh, if books but had tongues to speak their wrongs, then might this book well exclaim, "Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth! I came from the love and embrace of God, and mute nature, to whom I brought no boon, did me rightful homage. To man I came, and my words were to the children of men. I disclosed to you the mysteries of hereafter, and the secrets of the throne of God. I set open to you the gates of salvation, and the way of eternal life, heretofore unknown. Nothing in heaven did I withhold from your hope and ambition, and upon your earthly lot I poured the full horn of divine providence and consolation. But ye required me with no welcome, ye held no festivity on my arrival; ye sequester me from happiness and heroism, closeting me with sickness and infirmity; ye make not of me, nor use me for your guide to wisdom and prudence, but press me into your list of duties, and withdraw me into a mere corner of your time; and most of ye set me at naught, and utterly disregard me. I came, the fulness of the knowledge of God; angels delighted in my company, and desired to dive into my secrets. But ye, mortals, place masters over me, subjecting me to the discipline and dogmatism of men, and tutoring me in your schools of learning. I came not to be silent in your dwellings, but to speak welfare to you and your children. I came to rule, and my throne to set up in the heart of men. Mine ancient residence was the bosom of God; no residence will I have but the soul of an immortal; and if you had entertained me, I should have possessed you of the peace which I had with God 'when I was with Him, and was daily His delight, rejoicing always before Him.' Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; yet ye have set at naught all my counsel, and would none of my reproof: I also will laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh; when your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind; when distress and anguish cometh upon you; then they shall cry unto me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me."

Wonders in the Bible.

How can it be but that we rejoice and take delight to see so many, so great, so marvelous, so heavenly, and so glorious wonders in one heap altogether? How far would we ride, or go, to see the triumph of a mortal king? Here is to be seen the triumph of God—the Lord of lords, and the King of kings; how He hath made the name of His Son triumph over principalities and powers, and over the whole world. Here is a paradise full of delights; no tongue is able to speak them, they are so many; no heart is able to conceive them, they be so great. Here is a shop wherein is set out the wisdom and knowledge, the power, the judgments, and mercies of God. Which way soever we look, we see the works of His hands; His works of creation and preservation of all things; His works of severe justice upon the wicked, and of gracious redemption to the believer. If we desire pleasant music or excellent harmony it speaketh unto us the words of the Father, and the consent of the Son; the excellent reports of the prophets, apostles, angels, and saints of God, who have been all taught by the Holy Ghost. If we would learn, it is a school, it giveth understanding to the simple. In it there is that may content the heart, the eye, the ear, the taste, and the smelling.—Bp. Jewel.

Withholding the Bible.

Would I withhold the Bible from the cottager and the artisan? Heaven forefend! The fairest flower that ever climbed up a cottage window is not so fair a sight to my eyes as the Bible gleaming through the lower panes. Let it but be read, as by such men it used to be read, when they came to it as to a ground covered with manna, even the bread which the Lord had given for His people to eat. They came to it as to a treasure-house, each visitant taking what was precious, and leaving as precious for others. —S. T. Coleridge.

Local Officers' Page.

Stephen or Judas?

WRITTEN MORE ESPECIALLY FOR LOCALS WHOSE DUTIES PARTAKE OF A BUSINESS CHARACTER.

"Look ye out among you . . . men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom, whom we may appoint over this business."—ACTS vi. 3.

In order that I might grapple effectively with a feeling of discouragement that had been slowly but surely gaining ground and clouding my spiritual life, I have recently given myself more closely than heretofore to the study of my Bible—that forest in which every man may find a leaf of healing for his wounds if only he go thither furnished with the lamp of the Spirit.

My difficulty lay in the fact that the work for which I had been chosen, and to which my superior officers had commissioned me, seemed to cut me off from what is usually termed the spiritual side of corps work. (It is my portion to serve tables—by which I mean, to look after the business side of things.) The monotony of the work may have had something to do with the discouragement which led me to look around and compare my position with others of my comrades; but it was an unwise proceeding, as the sequel proved.

THE DEVIL SAW HIS ADVANTAGE

and made the most of it. "Look at the band," he whispered. "They have a share in soul-saving quite out of proportion to your privileges. The Penitent Form Sergeant, and other Locals, also count for something in the war against sin; but you only occupy a corner which any mere moralist might fill with credit. You are not included among those for whom spiritual gifts were designed."

And so "the accuser of the brethren" jabbered on, whilst I cast up columns of figures and did what I might to discharge with faithfulness the somewhat prosaic duties of my position.

Then, as I have already said, I turned to my Bible for comfort, and, in less time than it takes to write it, I found myself standing in what the Psalmist calls "a large place"—a place where I not only found room to move, but room to breathe and sing for joy. From my Bible, and one or two books bearing upon the experiences of early Christians, I gathered facts which set my seemingly dry-as-dust duties in quite a new light. I will name them in the order they occurred to me:

1. The early church had not long been instituted before the apostles became aware that without a business side to the new society the church would be of very little practical use to the world, and it was in response to this discovery, and to meet a pressing emergency, that the apostles gave utterance to the words at the head of this page. The apostles, like their successors, had given themselves to the preaching of the Gospel, and, being human, could not be in two places at once, or rightly discharge all the duties connected with the house of God. Wherefore, they conceived the idea of appointing deacons, or Local Officers, to share with them the responsibilities of office. And they chose, not moralists merely, as "the accuser of the brethren" had suggested to me, but "men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom."

On reading these words, I naturally asked myself whether any duty could rightly be considered unimportant if it demanded such qualifications as were laid down by the apostles?

HONEST REPORT.

full of the Holy Ghost and of wisdom. And this question suggested another. If I, as a Local Officer, had been living up to the measure of my privileges, opening my mind and heart to the cleansing and uplifting influences of the Holy Spirit, and claiming that wisdom from God which is promised to all who ask in faith, would not the commonest duties of my work have become so transfigured that comparison between what are called spiritual *versus* commercial, or business occupations, would have been impossible, as well as the

discouragement from which I had been suffering?

2. If the Local Officers chosen by the disciples, and appointed by the apostles, were able to live up to the high standard referred to, whilst their heads and hands were occupied in looking after the money affairs of the church, why might not I do the same? One of two courses was open to me—either I must live so close to God as to be

ABLE TO SEE OVER AND BEYOND

the miserable earth-born partitions which divide the spiritual from the so-called secular, or fall lamentably below my privileges. That there was a terrible possibility of turning the position of a deacon into a curse seems to have been present to the apostle's mind when he wrote to Timothy, the first Bishop of Ephesus, concerning the qualifications necessary to the office of Local Officer, "Likewise must the deacons be grave, not double-tongued or greedy of filthy lucre."

3. Was it not from the ranks of the first deacons, or Local Officers, that the church drew her first martyr? Stephen, "a man full of faith and power," not only did great wonders and miracles among the people, but was accounted worthy to seal his faith with his blood.

"No," I said to myself, after reading and pondering over the life of this "good man," there is nothing in any office the cause of Christ can enjoin which may not become sublime if undertaken and performed in the spirit which actuated Stephen! It is the altar which sanctifies the gift, and not the gift which sanctifies the altar. Stephen and Judas Iscariot both held office on the business side of God's house. The one opened his mind and heart to the transforming and uplifting influences of the Holy Spirit, the other built in his heart an altar to the god of greed, and the sequel in either case was characteristic: Stephen brought to his task the wisdom that cometh down from above, Judas used his office as an opportunity for self-seeking, and the result was that he became a traitor and a murderer."

Reflecting on these things, I was led to take back my appointment as though freshly bestowed upon me by Christ Himself, resolved never again to call anything common or unclean that has to do with the service of God.

Slander.

Between the incendiary who fires his neighbor's barn in secret vengeance, and the worthy who starts a "run" on a bank with malicious gossip, there is only a technical difference. Gossip-with-a-purpose has been too often used to stab characters and to wreck fortunes, and it is a great pity that the law cannot reach those who employ such intangible and insidious methods to achieve their ends. Scarcely any enterprise or individual, no matter how deserving, is safe from the subtle danger of the gossip-monger, and human nature so loves a morsel of such "news" that it can be relied upon to "push along" a rumor, once it has been judiciously started. Keep your tongue off your neighbor's reputation as scrupulously as you would your hands out of his pockets. There are plenty of people who would be in penitentiary if reputation-stealing were a penal offence. In the day of judgment the light-tongued scoundrel will be rounded up with the light-fingered thief at a tribunal where man cannot make his nice distinctions. It is not half so cowardly to creep up behind a man with a stiletto and do him to death as it is to put your tongue in your cheek and look knowing when his character is discussed. The dastard who deliberately ignores a man's reputation is not worthy of the ordinary punishment of imprisonment. There are a great many people who do not see the harm in repeating what they hear about others, forgetting that every slander, like a snowball, gathers as it rolls. The most of the harm is done by the fools who push along an evil story, and who never give a thought to the evil they are doing. Many a good man has gone down under the weight of mere talk, accumulated by the efforts of irresponsible fools, who chatter every story that reaches their foolish ears. Give no place to slander, and give no tongue to idle talk.—Eastern Star.



Sgt. Major and Mrs. Collins, London, Ont.

A Straight Question.

WHAT ABOUT YOUR HEART?

I do not ask you whether you have right views about the Bible or religion—I believe in proper theology. I like people to know what they believe, and to be able to give some reason for the faith that is in them; but there are plenty of people who are all right in their heads, but all wrong in their hearts. I do not ask whether you are diligent in the performance of a round of religious duties, although that is very important. I do not believe in the theory that if a man's heart is right, it doesn't matter about anything else, and the performance of religious duties is nothing. Oh, no. I believe there are some people who cannot keep themselves right unless they are diligent in going to church or the Salvation Army, reading their Bibles, and getting into contact with things that are likely to help them. They are so weak, wavering, and uncertain in their characters that, unless they are in association with somebody who can push them forward now and then, they never keep right in their souls at all. But that is not all. You can have as much uniform as you like, and go to the open-air, and be diligent in the performance of your duties, but all the time be wrong in your hearts. I am not asking whether you are diligent, but whether your heart is right in the sight of God.

Rescue Work in the West Indies.

It is a little over twelve months since the Kingston Rescue Home was opened in Jamaica. The anniversary was held on June 30th. Interest in the function was, however, increased by the fact that the occasion also marked the opening of new and more suitable premises in which to carry on and develop the work which has already yielded such encouraging results.

There was quite an influential gathering of ladies and gentlemen, for by this time the Rescue Home has fully justified its existence.

The Hon. Dr. Mosse, who had kindly promised to preside, was unfortunately prevented by unforeseen circumstances from being present, but, as an expression of practical sympathy, he sent a kind letter and a cheque for \$26 towards the funds of the Home. The chair was therefore filled by Major Roxburg, Acting Colonial Secretary, and other celebrities were present. Addresses were given by Major Roxburg and others. They warmly sympathized with the Army in the work our officers were doing amongst the fallen womanhood of Jamaica.

The sensitive plate of the photographer perceives and records stars and nebulae which the eye cannot discern even with the best telescopes. So it is with the sensitive soul and profound spiritual truths.—E. Butler.

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.—Milton.

The War Cry.

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All manuscripts to be written in ink or by typewriter, and on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly.

GAZETTE.

Promotion—

Lieut. McDonald, Great Falls, to be Captain.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Commissioner.

Editorial.

Home Again.

The Commissioner has arrived in Toronto amid general rejoicings. We are never present on such glad occasions without our hearts going out in sympathy to our comrades not so privileged as we.

There came to our ears, from those who accompanied the Commissioner, stories of victories and accomplishments which thrilled us through and through, making our hearts full of praise to God, because our conquering leader had received such divine support on her heaven-blessed mission, and that her arduous tour had been so intensely gratifying in its results.

We were led all along to think there were mighty possibilities 'neath the blood-and-fire flag in the far North, but evidently we have but touched the fringe of the vast opportunities which lay before us amongst the Yukon miners. "Such a sight," exclaimed one, "we never saw as the tear-stained faces of those stalwart miners at Grand Forks, as they listened to the forceful words of the Commissioner." The meeting just referred to, be it understood, followed closely after those in Dawson City, and was remarkable in its unique character, generally speaking, is for the chance it gave the Commissioner to see the necessity of making out of this outpost a colony, and decide on the spot to send at once a couple of officers to establish a permanent station.

Perhaps one of the most striking impressions given to the Commissioner and party while in Dawson was the unequalled opportunity there is for outdoor operations. The streets of that far-famed city continue to be crowded with gold-seekers. There is a great tax upon the resources of our officers, confronted as they are by men of unusual, nay, exceptional, intelligence; nevertheless, our comrades are holding high the blood-stained banner of the cross, and urging with praiseworthy zeal the claims of Christ upon the gold-crazed miners with cheering results.

Brigadier Moss in Canada.

Brigadier Fred Moss, to whom we referred a few weeks ago, has safely arrived at his home in Dundas, Ont., looking the picture of health. He is accompanied by Mrs. Moss and a little daughter. The Brigadier is apparently the same war-steed he ever was, and Capt. Meeks is jubilant over the prospects of having him for next Sunday week, from 7 a.m. till the finish.

Doubtless in the near future we shall be seeing the familiar face of our long-absent Canadian brother, when we shall be able to give a more detailed account of him.

The General.

The General was rapturously welcomed back to England after his brilliant continental campaign. Well may our comrades exclaim, "Our eyes were moist with emotion."

The General had a magnificent day at the Congress Hall, London, and his utterances are described as "living messages to soldiers, saints and sinners." There was a grand spiritual harvest of 304 penitents.

"But the message?" says the report. "It was God's word to every sinner present—a message as solemn as eternity. There was probably not another Sunday evening congregation in London so large as that in the Congress Hall, nor so representative. That in itself is sufficiently noteworthy. But what is quite certain is that no other audience listened to a more seathing, heart-searching exposure of sin and its consequences. Would that millions, instead of four thousand, could have heard it, and have felt, as did many a soul in the Congress Hall, that sin is a loathsome leprosy, a deadly poison, a fatal disease germ, a hell upon earth! That is the message for which the world is waiting, and that is one of God's ways of arousing the consciences of those multitudes who, to use the General's own words, are being 'damned by their own thoughtlessness.'"

Territorial Newslets.

"Hello, where have you been?" we enquired of Staff-Capt. Manton, as he put in an appearance at T. H. Q. We had not seen his face for so long that we thought surely he must have been at home sick. But we were very far out in our surmising for we soon learned our Army veteran had been at Faversham conducting Camp Meetings for seventeen days, which certainly, if they can be judged from the point of numbers who congregated, as for other reasons, were among the best the S. A. has ever known anywhere. The whole countryside was stirred, and an interest most unusual created in the work. Adjt. Hyde stays on for a week longer to carry on the grand meetings, and doubtless some of those who were present will deign to send the War Cry further particulars at an early date.

Adjt. Parsons, of the Temple, had a few good words to say concerning the sales of the War Cry the other day. It appears they just go like "hot cakes" around central Toronto. "All sold out," is the cheering news we hear from week to week. And why shouldn't it be?

The War Cry (and I do not now refer more to the Canadian Cry than to those published from different Territorial Headquarters through-

out the world) is a wonderful paper, well worth its price, free as it is from advertisements which make a paper unreadable on the Sabbath. In respect to advertising, our paper stands alone; its position is unique. I question whether any other religious or secular paper could exist were it not for the paying advertisements which they receive. The General has received in the Army's history some stupendous offers if he would only permit the use of the columns of the War Cry for advertising purposes, but he has persistently refused them.

The articles advertised by our Trade Department in the Cry are sold for the purpose of putting the profits into the funds of the S. A. to be used for the carrying on of our soul-saving work.

It was a regrettable oversight not to have mentioned the name of Staff-Capt. Ayre in connection with the wedding of Staff-Capt. Perry, because that veteran warrior had so much that was good to say about his married life, extending over twenty years, besides giving wholesome advice to the single fraternity.

We were equally sorry, in our mad haste to catch the press, that we omitted to speak of little Faith Stanyon, who performed such a pleasing and pretty part in the wedding ceremony, by her quaint little way of handing the bride a lovely bunch of flowers.

In thirty days, during their Eastern Campaign, Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire and Major Stanyon conducted eighty meetings, and saw 127 souls at the penitent form.

Ensign and Mrs. LeCocq had rather a melancholy experience while crossing the Atlantic, as a fellow-passenger died and was buried at sea.

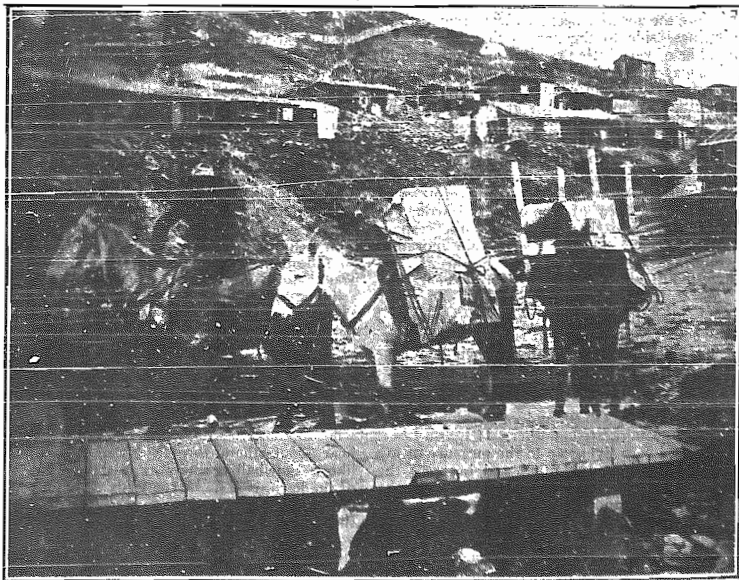
The article promised for this issue by Lieut.-Colonel Friedrich, on the "Golden North," has been unavoidably held over until next week, on account of lack of suitable space.

A Good Week-End at Peterboro.

(Special.)

Major Archibald delivered an interesting address on the Prison Gate Work to a crowded audience on Sunday afternoon. The people were moved to laughter and tears many times during the hour and a half he occupied in laying before them a concise and vivid description of the prison, the men, and their needs.

The night meeting was a crowning time, when five souls volunteered under seeking salvation. The collections were over three times the average, and a magnificent interest was created in the Army's Prison Gate Work as one of the results of the Major's visit.—Ella McNamara, Staff-Capt.



Ready for a Prospecting Trip.

Homeward Bound from the Klondike with the Commissioner.



EN minutes on the "Dawson" convince us that we are going to have a lovely journey. Outside of half a dozen, all the passengers are stampedeers, bound for the new find at White Horse. A motley crowd—some in khaki attire, some in blue overalls, some in bedaubed garments of the claim, some in the remnants of more civilized days; some perfect gentlemen, despite their delapidated appearance, some the roughest of the rough north.

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"In the sweet bye-and-bye." Sweetly and suddenly the familiar strain salutes our ears. Whence the song? None near but a group of men playing cards. Their interest seems flagging, for while one shuffles the pack, another in a rich tenor starts the old-time hymn. Our uniform has doubtless stirred some old-time memory.

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Another time. Some gambling game is in progress, and a tall young fellow jumps from his seat, and snatching his cap dashes out, saying as he passes someone at the door, "I can't play with Miss Booth on board. Her noble presence makes me feel how worthless and wicked my life is. Every time I look at her I lose. I'll have to chuck the game up for this voyage, anyway."

◆◆◆
"May we sing around you, Miss Booth?" The Commissioner's head is aching, but she cannot refuse the importunate request. That little song service in the cabin, with the miners crowding round, and a sextette of magnificent voices rolling out the grand old strain of "Rock of Ages," and "Shall we gather at the river?" will long re-echo in the lonely hours of life's trail.

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Very outspoken are the miners. Not one of our party but has some fervent conversation with some, and in each of us awakens a burning desire to do something for souls so frank about their condition and need.

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"Don't be deceived in me, Miss Booth," says one young fellow, innate refinement in every inch of his six feet. "I love your work and believe in it; but as for me, I've a bad heart, and am on a bad track. Pray for me—it's a long while since I prayed for myself."

◆◆◆
The spirit of stampede is upon the vessel. It leaks out first from the kitchen. The baker is missing. His loaves stand ready on the board, a heated oven is waiting to receive them, but the man with the white cap and floury hands has vanished. One of the miners, who announces himself as a "boss baker up at the claim," is pressed into service, and for a consideration off his own expenses becomes a species of under study to the overworked son of Africa who presides as cook. They do their best, and if the combined force of such talent produces but sour dough we cannot blame them—we have not the heart—indigestion has robbed us of such moral courage.

The actual scene of the stampede is enacted at a lovely Mounted Police Station as we are nearing White Horse. Then we gain some idea of what the rush of '98 must have been. The old greed of gold is the same to-day. Some of the men can scarcely wait for the gang-plank to be lowered, so impatient are they to get ashore. Some have horses, and we watch them loading the poor beasts—one long-suffering creature has 250 pounds strapped to his saddle, and a sore back to start with. But most follow the old-time fashion of the pack on the back. What this pack contains it is hard to describe—a blanket, a snade, (in rare cases) a change of clothes, rice, raisins, flour, the inevitable beans, and the equally indispensable frying-pan, which serves as a tea-kettle, bean-boiler, and bread-maker, when not in use for washing out one's gold. Anything that can only fill one emergency is reckoned useless by a man on the trail. Many of them linger to shake hands with and exchange good wishes

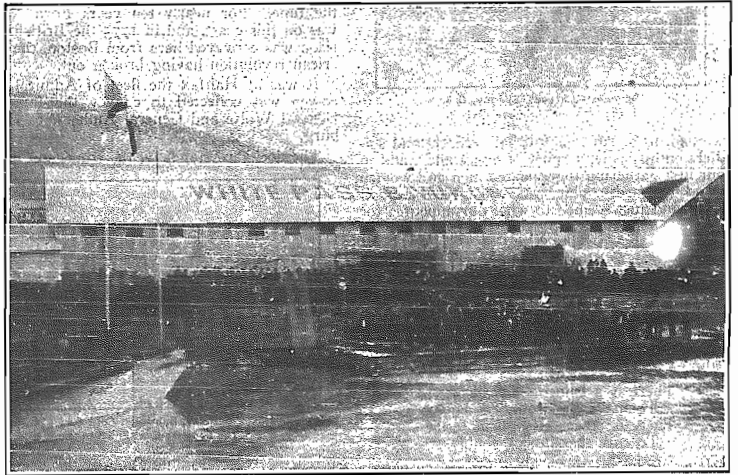
with their new Salvation friends, but soon the last one has disembarked, and the crew start to "wood-up"—a business that has to be gone through over thirty times on the trip down the Yukon. Before this process is over the majority are out of sight on the trail which we understand is a very bad one, largely through bog and brush-wood, and with but the hearsay of a find at the other end of it.

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"How I wish that I had an officer ready to start with the poor fellows, tramp with, and bless them," says the Commissioner with a sigh, and we go in to tea. The chief steward is officiating at our table—two of his waiters have caught the craze, and slipped off with the rest.

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Drifting down the Yukon with a current of six miles an hour to help you, and tugging up the same stream with full steam all the way, are very different experiences. The return journey takes about twice as long as the outgoing.

approaching. The feelings of the crowd are stirred to the depths by the Commissioner's appeal to seek righteousness. "Halt!" she cries, "high-handed transgressor against the law of God and man. In the eternal scales of retribution you will find your balance. Halt, wanderer along the broad track of broken vows, blighted consecration, misspent life! Every step takes you farther from the God you loved, the peace you enjoyed, the safety you possessed, and nearer the doom and darkness ahead. Halt!"

A crash, and a man on the front seat collapses—or, rather, his chair does—and both fall clattering to the floor. It is Danish Pete, in irremediable broadcloth, who tells us later, in a confused whisper, that it was the "chair and hanker" together that did it. The chair was a rickety piece anyway, and the "hanker" had a way of getting that deep that a fellow had to dive to get it when Miss Booth got to the touching parts!



"Good-bye, Commissioner!"
The great crowd at the wharf when the Steamer "Dawson" left for "the outside."

We mount the Five Finger Rapids, assisted by a steel cable, at a slow and painful pace. The engines do their best, but our course would be a backward one, and a rushing one at that, were it not for that dipping metal rope.

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The adventurous trip up the Yukon is past; the perilous descent of the White Horse has gone by, and we are again in quaint Skagway. Ensign Darrach receives the Commissioner with a beaming face, and transports her in an ecstasy and an omnibus to the quarters, where Lieut. Sutherland is keeping a smiling watch over a steaming tea-kettle.

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This is Skagway's turn. The Methodist Church is filled to overflowing, and still they come crowding in. It is a splendid audience, representing the best of Skagway's social and religious, with a good sprinkling of all classes. Lieut. Sutherland sings a song—something about a dark river and a light—with a lilt in the chorus that infected everybody with the will to join in too. Then the Chief Secretary has a few words—matter-of-fact, terse, forcible, with a little anecdote which we fain would capture in full for the Cry, and yet may do. Now the Commissioner draws her beautiful harp towards her, and there is a rustle of anticipation. Skagway has heard that harp before, and loves it. The Commissioner's voice is singularly sweet and strong. The song she has chosen is a plaintive air with soul-stirring words—a fitting prelude to the powerful heart-reaching address to follow.

◆◆◆
It is a dramatic moment. We feel a climax

Time, 12.30. Scene, Skagway quarters. Ensign Darrach spreading the dinner table. The Editor-in-Chief paddling in unwholesome mixtures of photographic plates. Lieut. Sutherland's tuneless voice making itself heard above the suds of her washbub. The Chief Secretary blind and deaf to everything but his wilderness of papers on the kitchen table. The Commissioner writing voluminous letters with her own hand. Her Secretary enveloped in a traveling apron made for Ensign Darrach's dignified inches, and engrossed in the convocation of a vegetable dish. Add callers of all kinds, from the lady who sent in her card from ringed fingers, to the gentleman who heralded his approach with an enormous fish, words of deeply appreciated kindness to some of the faithful soldiers and standbys, and "personals" with both the officers, and the reader will have some idea how the one day at Skagway was spent. Before leaving the Commissioner took the breath away from the sweet girl-officers by telling them of her decision to send them to open fire at the Forks, fourteen miles beyond Dawson City. Our faith and prayers go with them. May they be very angels to those dark and needy hearts.

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Midnight, and from the aft deck of the Princess May we watch the receding mountains of Alaska. Their stately pinacles silhouetted against the luminous sky and throwing gaunt shadows over the rippling bay look like some impenetrable wall of nature's raising. We think of all that lies behind—the heart-ache, the dis-

(Continued on page 12.)

St. John I. again in favored with a very special meeting, the particular feature being the farewell of the 2nd S. S. Cavalry, who were about to be sent to the front in the next few months. Lieut. Colonel Sharp and Provincial Staff, also Staff-Capt. Holman and Rescue Staff, were present, and a profitable time was spent in the service of God. The choir sang hymns, and those present enjoyed the solos from the different members of the troupe and one or two others. The Bible reading by Yeaslin Milhenny was heartily appreciated, and the splendid prayer meeting followed and all souls came to the fountain, some to ask God's forgiveness and some for relief from their many troubles. The good-byes and God bless you were many. God bless St. John I.

Homeward Bound

From the Klondike with the
Commissioner.

(Continued from page 9.)

appointment, the greedy race for gold, the feverish life of pleasure, the brave hearts loving and seeking the wanderers. Above all, the enormity of the chance God has spread for such work as ours all along the Yukon. And we must confess that we turned reluctantly from the vanishing scene of nocturnal splendor with a whispered sigh for the privilege of spending and being spent for the soul of the Klondike.

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Ching Wing's face is smiling. Every time we see him it is shining; whether from his innate good-nature or the oil of his occupation we cannot altogether say. Ching Wing is cooking when the Commissioner, passing his kitchen, looks in to give one of the blessings of which her large heart holds so many.

"How are you, Ching Wing?"
"Velly good. Wish all the world was velly good."

"Try and keep so yourself, Ching Wing. That is the best way."
"That is Army's way," responded the Chinaman, his face glowing, "and Army's way is right way. Oh, come with your big Army to my poor China. It wantee you."

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The passenger list it is a full one, but it does not out-number the civility and courtesy of the crew. We commend the cheerfulness, as well as promptitude of all hands, and give broad hints to the captain that so wise a disciplinarian as himself might have found an excellent field in a Salvation command.

Our fellow-travelers are of all sorts and conditions—the saddest being the six lunatics in the keeping of as many stalwart representatives of the North-West Mounted Police. The histories of these unfortunates are tragic in the extreme—with nearly all disappointment unbuckled the control of their mental powers.

The Commissioner's influence makes itself felt at once. All who can contrive to get or make an introduction, the Commissioner makes the most of the moment for reminding of another course life's barque is heading, and stories extraordinary are poured into her ears. Now it is a prosperous prospector pardonably proud of a fine "pokeful" of nuggets reminded of the city paved with gold. Now a young man with talent writ large upon his face and contrition biting his lips pleaded with to return to the mother left down east five long years to eat her heart out, not knowing whether her boy was dead or alive. Now an elderly lady without much previous education on the Army question, trying to maintain her dignity under the fascinating description of bad people made good through Army life and love, and failing miserably in the attempt. But a more accurate record will, on a great day, reveal all the good that can and has been done by these personal attacks of our leader off the beaten tracks of her more public service.

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The trio is going to be a record one. We are scarcely out of harbor before the double-quick throb of the panting engines proclaimed the fact. We cut through the waters like a four-in-hand on an incline, and our snorting steeds pull up at Katsikan five hours ahead of time. A brief farewell to the quaint town, a flying hunt for curios by one deluded member of our party, whose fate it is to stumble over relics whose only destruction lies in their being at once intensely ugly and excessively dear. An undignified clamber up the almost perpendicular gangway, the Captain's voice, "Let her go!" and we are full steam ahead once more. Then day lengthens, and with the evening shadows whitecaps appear, and an ominous roll attends the vibrating of the paddle-wheels. Half the ship falls sick; the Commissioner is down, the Secretary busy in bringing sundry remedies—two of each kind, since the first generally contrives to outpour itself in transit on the slippery deck. Then a squall, and we slow down, and nearly stop. A little later a dense fog brings us to a standstill. Yet we reach Vancouver thirteen hours before

we are expected. Congratulations, Princess May.

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"She's in!"
The excited murmur from an excited brother's lips spreads like wildfire. The Commissioner has promised to meet the Vancouver soldiers, and although they do not expect her to-night, they make an excellent muster.

The Commissioner is delighted with the soldiers. Their large numbers, bright faces, loyal enthusiasm, intelligent appreciation, secure them a fast and deep place in her affections. In short, they are a blood-and-fire band, and she told us herself she is proud of them.

The soldiers are delighted with the Commissioner. They hang on her words with bated breath, they drink in her instruction like thirsty souls, they spring up to unite in a consecration pledge with a ready warmth that makes our very hearts grow hot as we watch them.

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The Commissioner does not know how to spare herself, and her energetic address on the top of the long and trying journey puts the last touch. Before morning it is plainly out of the question for her to proceed direct to Spokane, as the program arranged for. A bad night of suffering and sleeplessness forbids anything but rest. Yet rest the week-end over the Commissioner absolutely refuses to do.

Adj. Stevens' face is a study. Delight and doubt fight for control of her countenance. The Commissioner's proposition to do two meetings on the morrow is a breathless thought. Vancouver will be honored, delighted, but is there time to let Vancouver know. However, Adj. Stevens thinks such a talisman as the Commissioner's name works wonders in Vancouver, and she proceeds to make the most of the occasion. The City Hall is secured, the papers informed, a few dodgers thrown off, everybody of whom she can lay hold filled up with the topic. Everything that can be done is done, but we cannot say we expect much—it seems foolish to expect much, remembering the outlying nature of the city, the stifling weather, and the Sabbath excursions on boat to the park.

The actual result is so entirely beyond anticipation that it paralyzes our terms to express it. Every chair that can be found in the spacious City Hall in the afternoon is snapped up, while at night the crowd stands all around the walls, and the doors are shut against another crowd—a very disappointed one.

The Commissioner's strength is at a low ebb. She has fallen back upon all her slender capital for those mighty addresses, and comes to the end of it before the last shot is fired, the last soul is saved, and the last song of believing praise ascends. The Chief Secretary fires heavy guns, and the prayer meetings are real fights and well-fought ones.

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It is a tedious journey to Spokane, hot, dusty, and tiring, and the crowded platform of the terminus, packed with an enthusiastic Salvation throng is a welcome sight. Out of the seething mass of caps, bonnets, and shining faces the broad shoulders of the P. O. extricate themselves, and Brigadier McMillan carries the Commissioner out of the reception shout and into the waiting welcome of her who is already spoken of as the "Mother of the Province."

Within a couple of hours we are in the midst of the councils. We find the officers in good spirits and splendid fighting trim. They have already had several sessions with their new P. O., and it has been a case of love at first sight. They crowd around the Commissioner to thank her for sending them so devoted and capable a leader.

The Commissioner's councils were unique and blessed occasion. The officers' unanimous verdict is that they were the very best she has ever conducted in Spokane. For spirit, enthusiasm, light, liberty, and blessing they could not be excelled.

Thursday night's meeting in the 1st Methodist Church was a triumphant occasion. The Commissioner's topic, "Toward a Better World," held the huge crowd spellbound.

Interim business correspondence filled up every spare hour of the two days at the Pacific Headquarters; in fact the Commissioner was hard at it till 5 a.m. the night she came away, and even then left the P. O. and Chancellor with their heads together over the problems of the

Province. Their loyal and devoted toil deserves triumph, and is getting it.

A finishing touch to the Spokane campaign was the opening of the new Maternity Hospital. The Rescue Work in the city is already winning golden opinions, and increased blessing is ahead.
—A. L. P.

Spokane on Fire.

SATURDAY AND SUNDAY'S MEETINGS.

The officers from the various corps in the Province reached Spokane Saturday morning and evening, for a week of meetings and councils with their beloved Commissioner. They learned, much to their disappointment and sorrow, that she would be unable to be with them until Wednesday, owing to weakness of body. However, Salvationists are always ready for emergencies, so it was decided to go on with the meetings Sunday, as announced, in the Auditorium, and trust God for the meeting of the big expenses involved.

Saturday evening commenced with arousing open-air, led by Brigadier McMillan, assisted by about forty visiting officers. God was with us in power and enabled us to hold the people, in spite of worldly attractions all about us. On reaching the barracks we found it well filled, and then followed a meeting indeed. Salvation songs, accompanied by banjos, by Ensign Wilkins and Mrs. Capt. Johnstone.

The chorus, "I'm glad Satan's sorry; he's sorry I'm glad," caught on, and ere that meeting closed his Satanic Majesty was more sorry than before. Brigadier McMillan read from the Word of God with liberty and power, opening the eyes of the people to their personal need of salvation, and as he invited the sin-oppressed to seek cleansing in the fountain, a number came out and found peace to their souls. We finished with a hallelujah chorus, leaving the hall ready for a day of fighting and victory on the morrow.

Seven o'clock found us at the barracks with sharp appetites for a glorious "breakfast," and we were not disappointed. God came near and blessed us. Ensign Scott read, "I have chosen you and ordained you to bring forth fruit." We felt it grand to be co-workers with Christ. Our dear Commissioner was borne to the Throne of Grace, and fervent prayers were offered for the strengthening of her body. It was a glorious feast.

Before the holiness meeting, in the great Auditorium, we marched out for an open-air meeting, led by the Brigadier assisted by Ensign Wilkins, of sailor fame, who, with Mrs. Capt. Johnstone, captivated the large crowd of people with their singing. Mrs. Johnstone's song, "My name in mother's prayer," struck the hearts of godless men, and deep conviction rested on their faces. Off we go to the Auditorium for the first meeting in the spacious building. Surely God is a present help, and surely He upheld our Brigadier. The words he used for the lesson were, "Only be thou strong and of good courage." His words were with power, and needy hearts were touched, discouraged ones felt there was hope, and as Brigadier went on we felt our need of this great essential for the fight—courage, holy courage. God wonderfully set His seal on that meeting, and before its close many were found at the cross, "sins confessing, wants revealing."

Home for a bite, then away again for open-air, dividing into two brigades. The people were again made to feel their need of salvation, and followed to the Auditorium, where our worthy P. O. again led on. Staff-Capt. Taylor read God's message. He told pathetic incidents, which touched sinners' hearts, and as he drew in the net some came and gave their hearts into the keeping of God.

What shall I say of the night's meeting? The open-air were grand, and as we looked on the vast audience we felt something must be done for the unsaved. Many of those gathered there expected to hear the Commissioner, and although the disappointment was very great, praise God, we were made to forget everything but the need of the immortal soul. Again the Brigadier addressed the crowd. "It's the soul," he cried, "the soul that I am going to talk with you about. Not about your prospects, not about your body, not about your business; no, 'ut your soul—the

soul that will never die." Truly every heart felt "God is here." The Brigadier was blessed and used of Him, for mighty conviction rested upon the people, and as with earnest face and pleading voice he lovingly entreated them, for God's sake, to settle the question there was a response. It was a time of victory, and in looking back over the day we felt God has given us courage and His blessing.

The income for Saturday and Sunday was \$150, and a good number of souls won. Hallelujah!—Ensign L. B. Scott.

THE OFFICERS' COUNCILS.

The Officers' Councils Monday and Tuesday, July 27th and 28th, led by Brigadier McMillan, assisted by Staff-Capt. Taylor, were times of great blessing to all.

In the morning sessions some of the Staff Officers spoke on different topics, as follows:

Adjt. Andrews, "Special Efforts."

Ensign Wilkins, "How to Promote a Revival."

Adjt. Dean, "Local Officers, and How to Use Them."

Mrs. Staff-Capt. Taylor, "Good Health, and How to Maintain it."

Needless to say, each handled their subject well, and the many "pointers" given will be of lasting benefit to those who heard.

Brigadier McMillan's addresses were full of helpful counsel, warning, and entreaty. Staff-Capt. Taylor also spoke to us, and his words brought blessing and inspiration to all.

The Tuesday night session was open to soldiers, and a glorious time we had. Hearts were laid bare, the soul's needs and God's claims were pressed home, and many yielded themselves wholly to God. Waves of power and blessing swept over us, and it was midnight before the meeting could be brought to a close.

The two sessions led by the Commissioner on Wednesday were indeed a fitting finish to what had gone before, but as these meetings are being reported by an abler pen than mine, I will only say they established the Commissioner more firmly than ever in the love and confidence of those present; and the words spoken by her will undoubtedly bear abundant fruit.

They went away saying these were the best councils they had ever attended, and that was just what we had made up our minds to have.

I can assure you that when we got the message that our beloved Commissioner was to give us a visit on her return from Dawson, it gave us a wonderful start on the way to help us believe and expect for mighty times, which we certainly did have. There was a lot to think of, a lot to be done in the way of arrangements for meetings, and in the getting all the precious officers in for the councils. I would just like to say, for the sake of my Eastern friends, that it means something here, that they know not of, for these dear officers to get in to gatherings like this. Just imagine the expense of a thousand mile trip, through these Rookies, and the anxiety there would be in getting that amount.

Nevertheless they got there with the expense, and got here on the train, dusty and tired, full of hallelujahs. I was delighted with the spirit they came in; it was noticeable in itself. From the young Cadet up to the oldest Staff Officer there was to be seen and felt that yearning spirit for more of God, and under those circumstances you can readily conclude how the meetings went.

Formalities was something entirely dispensed with these meetings, and it always is where the Spirit of the Lord is. The ruling passion was to get blessed and be a blessing, consequently God poured out His Spirit, and the times we had were something wonderful.

Saturday night was the welcome meeting, and

I tell you, it was a rouser. The crowd in the open-air was tremendous, and when we got to the barracks, to our delight we found it full of all classes and conditions, of a real western crowd. My, they can sing, and they do appreciate a good pitch in, typical of the Western spirit—everything must keep moving.

The Brigadier is at his best, and grapples hold of the situation of things in a masterly manner, to the delight of the dear officers, who are anxious to know what sort of P. O. they have got, and I can see them falling in love with him right on the spot. Songs and speeches from some of the more notables, such as Ensign Wilkins, Mrs. Capt. Johnstone, Ensign Sheard, and others, made the meeting up to this point very interesting, and when the Brigadier rose to give his few words of welcome to his officers to the city, and a soul-stirring talk to the unsaved and unsanctified, God wonderfully moved upon the crowd with His Holy Spirit, and ere we closed we had the joy of seeing men, women, and boys seeking the blessing of salvation and sanctification.

We were all anxious about the Sunday meetings, which were held in the Auditorium at a tremendous cost, just \$100 rent for the day; but all these difficulties vanish when God, the Holy Ghost comes upon a place, which we are glad to say He did. The talk by the Brigadier on "Have ye received the Holy Ghost?" was owned of the Lord in a mighty way, for some ten precious souls sought that blessing to the joy and satisfaction of their soul.

The afternoon meeting was all that could be desired, from the open-air, which has its unlimited opportunities, to the prayer meetings, where we saw souls claiming the salvation of God at the foot of the cross. The crowd that listened will long remember the Bible lesson which Staff-Capt. Taylor, our Chancellor, so forcibly gave them. It was jammed full of practical religious advice. That beautiful Auditorium,



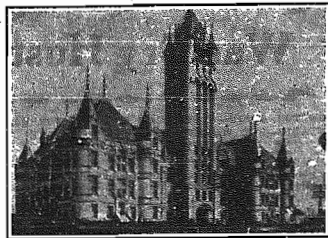
Spokane, from the Court House.

with all its gilded decorations, presented itself in a still more beautiful sight when we gathered in from the streets at 8 p.m. Nice crowd, with an interested appearance and expectant hearts, soon carries a Salvationist away from the fascinating allurements that the world presents in this particular way, to the more real things of life that are to be found in such a crowd as gathered in this place of pleasure on this particular occasion.

The Brigadier seemed to realize intensely the responsibilities that were associated with this gathering, and God, in His own peculiar way, wonderfully sustained him while he spoke to that crowd about that soul that He had entrusted them with, and which He expected them to save. It was a very solemn hour, eternity seeming near, the Holy Ghost strove long and hard, and I am sure the angels did some rejoicing and some praising when they saw the many hearts melting with conviction and minds resolving that, as for them and their house they would serve the Lord and save their soul. We finished the battle with some twenty souls for the week-end rejoicing in the new-found joy they found down at the mercy seat.

I would like to say a lot about the councils we had for the next four days, but I am afraid I have taken too much of your valuable space now, and I shall be assigned to—you know. But please bear with me, while I tell you of the bumping blessings we officers got. "Oh, how I have longed to get into these councils," was a statement I heard frequently. One dear officer said it was three years since they had been to a council, and many others in similar experience.

You see the distance that some of these dear officers has to come is so great that it is almost impossible for them to get to such gatherings as this. I am sure that the comrade-officers in more favorable circumstances will readily see



Spokane County Court House, Spokane, Wash.

their advantages in being on a more favorable field, and will pray for their comrades away in this Western territory.

The opening sessions, morning and afternoon, were confined largely to some five speakers: Ensign Wilkins, Adjt. Andrews, Adjt. Dean, Mrs. Staff-Capt. Taylor, and the Chancellor. The subjects doubtless were magnificently handled, and I know will be very helpful for the future.

The next three sessions were handled by the Brigadier, which concluded with a soldiers' and officers' meeting. These were entirely for our own hearts, and the dear Lord, in His nice way, did wonderfully come upon us. This was our time to claim the blessing of more power with God, for it was being poured out in abundance. Christ became very real to many hearts in those meetings, which I don't think will soon be forgotten.

The climax is not yet reached, but we are coming to it. They say the train is one hour late that our Beloved Commissioner is on, but it seems like half a day. Finally the whistle is heard, and the next moment we are in sight of the red hat. Somebody cries out, "Who's that?" Another, "That's the Chief Secretary, Colonel Jacobs. Fire a volley! Amen!" In a moment we see a tall, slender figure, perfectly erect, with smiling face, sparkling eyes, which in an instant takes in the situation of a lot of joyous, heart-throbbing Salvationists, who are too full to speak out just their feelings of delight with cheers of gratitude, till the entire crowd is entirely aware that we are delighted in the extreme to have our Commissioner with us. I am not going to say much re the meetings conducted by our beloved leader. I am sure they will be reported by a much more able hand, yet I would like to say that after listening to the various remarks of the officers who attended those two councils, we can predict for the future a wonderful improvement.

Though the meetings were few, and the time spent with us very short by our dear leaders, yet they were crowded full of the richest blessing and greatest forces of edification to our hearts and minds.

We untidely say, "Come again, and come soon." The officers all have returned to their respective commands rejoicing in the blessings received in these councils, and determined to do greater things for the Master. Yours in the war,—W. G. W.

London Councils.

Brigadier Hargrave, assisted by Major Rawling and Staff-Capt. Coombs, will conduct the Fourth Annual Local Officers' Councils from Saturday, Sept. 5th, to Monday, Sept. 7th, 1903, at London, under canvas. Representatives from every corps in the Province are expected to attend.

Monday will be the chief day of the councils, when matters of vital importance will be dealt with, touching both the senior and junior work. The great wind-up will be held in the tent by a great public demonstration on Monday night.

The gatherings of a similar character for the last three years have been of much help and blessing to the work in the West Ontario Province, and it is expected this year will in every way eclipse all past records.

The importance of an accurate and well-digested acquaintance with the precious Bible cannot be too highly estimated. In the Christian conflict it is "the sword of the Spirit," which is to be kept bright by constant use, and will never be wielded without the victory of faith.—Bridges.



Riverside Avenue, Spokane, Wash.

War Cry Hustlers' Honor Roll.

EAST ON TOP AGAIN—A SPLENDID SHOWING FOR EAST ONTARIO—BUT WHERE, OH, WHERE ARE THE MISSING PROVINCIALS!

Those "blue noses" down East are born hustlers, to be sure. In spite of the hot weather there is an advance of fifteen booms on last week.

Captain West, of London, is the hero of the hour, while Captain Payne's championship of 210 is startling, as are the results of his War Cry toll cheering. S.-M. Gashaw gave the Captain a close race, and next week we shall see what we shall see.

Bravo, E. O. P. What a struggle you have had to add four more, but you have done it, and now stand second in all four. It was during that war, I could plainly see all along. Brigadier Turner has successfully turned the corner at prosperity. Keep there.

The W. O. P. and C. O. P. are twins this week, and stand together with 70.

The North-West and Newfoundland are missing. Hustlers are there for sure, but their names are not known to us.

EASTERN PROVINCE.

132 Hustlers.

Capt. Payne, Sydney 210 Lt. Corkum, Hamilton 112
S.-M. Gashaw, Halifax I. 200 Lt. McManmond, Charlottetown 110
J. Keen, North Sydney 150 Lt. Young, Yarmouth 100
C.-C. Bishop, St. John I. 150 Lt. White, Westville 100
Mrs. Adjt. Orlington, Hamilton 120 Lt. Clark, Whiteley 100
Capt. Long, Woodstock 125 Lt. Hastings-Walker, Trent 100
Odette White, St. John I. 125 Capt. Foley, Halifax I. 100
S.-M. Jackson, Mount 125 Lt. Badman, Moncton 100
Sgt. Jones, Halifax I. 100

50 and Over—Capt. Martin, Lieut. Crossman, New Glasgow.
Laws, Charlottetown; Lieut. Holden, St. George's; Mrs. Ensign Knight, Yarmouth; Capt. Davis, Eastport; Cand. Lee, Kennebec; Capt. Jackson, Sackville.

40 and Over—Mrs. Lyons, Fredericton; Capt. Webb, Somerset; Capt. McWilliams, Summerside; Lieut. Wylie, Chatham; Eva Robison, Amherst; Lieut. Richards, Springhill; Capt. Tatum, Chatham; Capt. Notting, St. Stephen; Capt. Green, Dartmouth; Lieut. Thibault, Canning; Capt. Crowell, Sussex.

30 and Over—Minnie McLean, Sydney; Sergt. Jennings, Bermuda; S.-M. Irons, Windsor; Capt. McNeil, Campbellton; Lieut. St. Stephen; Bro. Reid, St. John I.

50 and Over—Capt. Meikle, Clark's Harbor; Capt. Armstrong, Fredericton; Mrs. Capt. Hudson, Father Armstrong, St. John I.; Capt. Anderson, Yarmouth; Lieut. Jaynes, Lunenburg; Captain Chandler, Lieut. Slater, Dominick; Sergt. Packwood, Bermuda; Capt. Jones, Westville; Ensign Allen, Windsor; Lieut. Veinot, Newcastleton.

40 and Over—Sergt. Matthews, New Glasgow; Capt. Redmond, Lieut. Greenwald, Digby; Lieut. Crossman, Lunenburg; Capt. Murrough, Halifax I.; Sergt. Beatty, Fredericton; Mrs. Capt. Hargrove, Parrsboro; Ensign Parsons, North Sydney; Emily Wright, Charlottetown; Capt. Cowan, Charlottetown; Sergt. Virgil, Bermuda; Lieut. Berry, Somerset; Lieut. Lewis, Bridgewater; Capt. Hamilton, Liverpool; Ensign Clark, Campbellton; Cand. McManston, Trent; Lieut. Elliott, Caledonia; Capt. Stroband, Halifax I.; Cand. Selig, Halifax I.; Capt. March, Caledonia.

30 and Over—Lieut. Haugen, Dartmouth; Cand. Clark, Springhill; Lieut. McGillivray, Stellarton; Capt. White, Lunenburg; Mrs. McPherson, Glace Bay; Adjt. Cooper, Fredericton; S.-M. Jones, St. John I.; Sergt. Place, Sydney Harbor; Sergt. Burns, Bermuda; Capt. Murphy, Rosella Shephard, Windsor; Capt. McDonald, Digby; Lieut. Fawcett, Liverpool; Sergt. Mrs. Veinot, Yarmouth; Capt. Trafton, Capt. Harding, St. John V.; Capt. Urice, Bear River; Lieut. Nugent, Bear River; Capt. Fraser, Canning.

20 and Over—Capt. Leadley, Lieut. Speck, Londonberry; Capt. Jones, Lieut. Jones, Reserve; Sergt. Lidstone, Glace Bay; Capt. Hargrove, Parrsboro; Mrs. Perkins, Parrsboro; Capt. Buden, St. John I.; Capt. Miller, Lunenburg; Capt. Wray, Lieut. Conrad, Port Hood; Mrs. Lodge, Sergt. Mrs. George, Hamilton; Cadet Bruner, Annapolis; Pearl Hamm, Bridgewater; Lieut. Kenney, Sackville; Lieut. McKay, North Head; Lieut. Hall, C.-C. Delong, C.-C. Tupper, C.-C. Brewer, Goulton; Capt. Moore, Hillsboro; Lieut. Gillett, Hillsboro; Sister Wynne, Westville; Ensign E. H., Yarmouth; Ensign Fitch, Chatham; Sergt. Buzzland, Chatham; Capt. Vandine, Newcastleton; Lieut. Wrenley, Canning; Bro. McKelroy, Bro. Bigg, Springhill; Mrs. Greenland, Bridgetown; Jean McDonald, Halifax I.

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

80 Hustlers.

Lieut. Smith, Belleville 180 C. Pollett, Kingston 110
Capt. Gibson, St. Johnsbury 110 Lt. Duncan, Brockville 110
P. S.-M. Mulcahy, Montreal 110 M. A. Ryan, Picton 110
Capt. Miller, Kingston 110 Capt. Orlington, Ottawa 110
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I. 111

50 and Over—Lieut. Matthews, Quebec.
50 and Over—Capt. Hood, Peterborough; Mrs. Stevenson, Peterborough; Ruden Gammalage, Deseronto.

70 and Over—Ensign Ogo, Barre; Capt. Slater, Nanapan; Lieut. Penfold, Port Hope; Sergt. Welsh, Burlington; Sergt. Moore, Montreal I.; Ensign Haley, Sackville.

60 and Over—S.-M. Harbour, Ottawa; Lieut. Thomas, Cornwall; Lieut. Soward, Pembroke; Capt. Liddell, Pembroke; Adjt. Newman, Burlington; Mrs. Ensign Ogo, Barre; Mrs. Ensign Thompson, Picton; Cand. Halpin, Smith's Falls.

50 and Over—Capt. Gates, Prescott; Ensign Jones, Cobourg; Sergt. Mrs. Barker, Kingston; Lieut. Lowrie, Gananoque; Sergt. Gray, Barre; Lieut. Orlington, Capt. Adjt. Trent, Trenton.

40 and Over—Sister Walcott, Cornwall; Annie Smith, Peterborough; Lieut. Bushey, Newport; Lieut. Mealt, Prescott; Ensign Bradbury, Montreal I.; Mrs. Brown, Kingston; Mrs. Meade, Gananoque; Capt. Randall, Newport; Sister Berry, Quebec; Lieut. Davis, Montreal II.

30 and Over—Ensign Hanna, Tweed; Mrs. Adjt. Newman, Burlington; Lieut. Lege, Nanapan; Lieut. Phillips, Campbellton; Capt. O'Neill, Campbellton; Sergt. Logan, Montreal I.; Mrs. Mulcahy, Montreal I.; Cand. Anderson, Montreal I.; Convert S.-M. Kelly, Montreal I.; Sergt. Mattice, Cornwall; Start-Capt. McNamara, Peterborough; Capt. Owen, Port Hope; Lieut. Falford, Sherbrooke.

20 and Over—Asbel Watson, Ottawa; Flossie Kidd, Kingston; Sergt. Laucour, Montreal I.; Capt. Burdick, Odessa; Sister: Alabasha, Barre; P. S.-M. Moon, Tweed; C.-C. Flanagan, Cornwall; Lieut. Carpenter, Trenton; Sergt. Hippen, Montreal II.; Sister Lewis, Montreal II.; Sister Lily, Montreal II.; Sister Goodwin, Montreal II.; Bro. Weber, Montreal II.; Capt. Blos, Montreal II.; Cadet Hodges, Smith's Falls; Sister Reynolds, Smith's Falls; Mrs. John, Picton; Dag Dugnet, Trenton; Sergt. Thompson, Belleville; C.-C. Casselman, Brockville; Sister Willis, Brockville.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

70 Hustlers.

Capt. West, London 230 Ems. Brabant, Brantford 115
Sergt. Garde, London 125 Capt. Climenhith, Wing 110
M. Christopher, Chatham 110
Mrs. Hoffman, Woodstock 110
Lt. Thompson, Brantford 110
Lt. Boyd, Tillsonburg 110
Mrs. Capt. Dowell, Stratford 110
Lt. Thompson, Goderich 110

50 and Over—Capt. Hancock, St. Thomas; Capt. Brand, Palmerston.

40 and Over—Lieut. Hippen, Seaforth; Lilly Duckworth, Hospital; Lieut. Chas. Hightower; Mrs. Adjt. McGill, Guelph; Capt. Woods, Galt; Capt. Lightburn, Galt.

70 and Over—Ensign Campbell, Ingersoll; Lieut. Burrows, Ingersoll; Mrs. Capt. Kerswell, Wallaceburg; Minnie Brydon, Windsor; Adjt. Scott, Petrolia; Capt. Kitchin, Petrolia; Capt. Howlett, Berlin.

60 and Over—C.-C. Lily Dolson, Lincoln; Lieut. Anderson, Essex; Mrs. Major Cooper, Woodstock; Capt. Young, Bethwell; Sister Lewis, Montreal II.; Sister Lily, Montreal II.; Sister Goodwin, Kingston; Lieut. Davis, Aylmer.

40 and Over—Mrs. Capt. Hancock, St. Thomas; Adjt. Orchard, Berlin; Capt. Fournier, Clinton; J. S.-M. McFarish, Blenheim; Adjt. Cameron, Chatham; Capt. Piche, Norwich.

30 and Over—Capt. Harman, Hespeler; Ensign Jarvis, Dresden; Lieut. Richardson, Paris; Mrs. Oke, Forest; Capt. Hogan, Blenheim; Mrs. Harding, Brantford; C.-C. Bowling, Stratford; Adjt. McGill, Guelph; Capt. Cook, Norwich.

20 and Over—Mrs. Sharp, Listowel; Capt. Ogo, Seaforth; Capt. Horwood, Goderich; Capt. Burton, Simcoe; C.-C. Edie Terry, Simcoe; Capt. Keenwell, Wallaceburg; Kate Kelley, Dresden; Bro. Macgregor, Wexford; Lillian Kirby, Dresden; C.-C. Robinson, Windsor; S.-M. Virtue, Windsor; Bro. G. Jackson, Petrolia; Bro. T. Stark, Petrolia; Capt. Howlett, Berlin; Mrs. Beck, Windsor; Mrs. Adjt. Walker, Windsor.

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

70 Hustlers.

Hurd, Owen Sound 180 Capt. Howcroft, St. Cath. I. Hanna, Riverside 135
S.-M. Andrews, Temple 100 Lt. Donovan, St. Catharines 100
50 and Over—Lieut. C. Jones, Sault Ste. Marie; Lieut. Legger, Sault Ste. Marie; Lieut. Fosse, Orangeville.

Missionary Officers in Java.

70 and Over—Capt. Dunlop, Meaford; Lieut. Lamb, Sturgeon Falls.

60 and Over—Ensign McCann, Orillia; Capt. Wilson, Orillia; Mrs. Pullbrook, Barrie.

50 and Over—Lieut. A. Jordan, Greenhatch; Lieut. Courtemanche, Aurora; Lieut. Winboldt, Eberst St.; Sister Mrs. Allen, Temple; Capt. Clark, Barrie; Capt. Carroll, Midland; Lieut. Smith, Widdand; Capt. Bond, North Bay; Lieut. Crocker, North Bay; Capt. E. Mender, Michigan; Lieut. S. Porter, Michigan; Capt. M. Stephens, Hamilton II.; Lieut. B. Langdon, Hamilton II.; Capt. Porter, Newmarket; Lieut. Meade, Newmarket; S.-M. Bowcock, Dovercourt.

40 and Over—Lieut. Clark, Dundas; Adjt. Boggs, Collingwood; Lieut. Wilson, Collingwood; Lieut. J. G. Bader, Odessa; Ensign Lott, Brantford; Capt. Sickle, Barrie; Capt. Gail, Lindsay; Nellie Richards, Lindsay; Lieut. Minnie, Yorkville.

30 and Over—Sergt. Mrs. Bowers, Ligar St.; Mrs. W. Calver, Bowmanville; Capt. Schiller, Eberst St.; Sister Mrs. C. Hamilton; Lisle Bradley, Temple; Lieut. Now, Meaford; Start-Capt. Ayre, Ligar St.; Sister Mrs. Ruston, Ligar St.; Sister Mrs. Phillips, Ligar St.; Capt. Baker, Uxbridge; Lieut. Hanna, Uxbridge; Lieut. Barrett, Perry Sound; Mrs. Harrison, Gore Bay; C.-C. Eva Freeman, Lippincott; Capt. Cornish, Yorkville.

20 and Over—Bro. Moffatt, Riverside; Sister M. Geddis, Riverside; Sister Mrs. Slater, Slater Street; Sister Mrs. Westman; C.-C. Ruth Watkins, Lippincott; Sister Campbell, Chesley; Capt. Qualie, Chesley; Cand. M. Palmer, Ferry Sound; Capt. G. E. Perry, Ferry Sound; Bro. Fawcett, Bowmanville; Bro. Helen Lindsay; B. Sherwood, Collingwood; Sergt. Dickenson, Dundas; Treas. Evelyn, Odessa; Lieut. Cranwell, Dovercourt; J. McManan, Dovercourt; Elsie Gault, Galt; Capt. Thompson, D.-C. Stewart, Ligar St.; Mrs. Stanton, Ligar St.; Bro. Boomer, Eberst St.

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

28 Hustlers.

Capt. Gail, Butte 200 Lt. Robinson, Revelstoke 100
Lieut. Gail, Kelowna 175 Mrs. N. Westman, Slater Street 100
Capt. Heister, Whistler 100 lngs 100
Sister Wright, Vancouver 130 Adjt. Dean, Spokane 100

50 and Over—Sister Hawkins, Great Falls.

40 and Over—Lieut. Masson, Rossland.

30 and Over—Sister Cook, Butte.

22 and Over—Lieut. McDonald, Great Falls; Sister Mervet, New Westminster; Adjt. Andrews, Everett.

50 and Over—Capt. Shanley, Livingston; Sister Glycer, Brattle; Sister Olsen, Vancouver; Sister Wardell, Vancouver; Sister Livingston; Capt. Johnston, Billings; Ensign Scott, Ferlie.

40 and Over—Lieut. Richard, Everett; Lieut. Lewis, Fernie; Sister Glycer, Brattle; Sister Olsen, Vancouver; Sister Wardell, Vancouver; Sister Livingston; Capt. Johnston, Billings; Ensign Scott, Ferlie.

Self-Denial Collectors

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

Mrs. Capt. Gillan, Port Portage	\$86.00
Captain Leach, Moorhead	88.00
Mrs. Capt. Swain, Selkirk	83.40
Capt. J. McIsaac, Mossburn	75.50
Captain Meyer, Larimore	75.20
Captain Hall, Prince Albert	70.75
Adjutant Alward, Fargo	65.00
Adjutant Wakefield, Brandon	65.00
Captain McKay, Moose Jaw	62.00
Captain W. Oxenford, Emerson	60.00
Lieutenant Nelson, Souris	53.50
Mrs. Kelly, Fargo	50.00
Adjutant E. Hayes, Calgary	50.00
Mrs. Chas. Jackson, Calgary	50.00
Lieutenant Karna, Carman	45.00
Captain Livingston, Dauphin	43.00
Captain Weir, Carman	39.00
Lieutenant Fleming, Lethbridge	35.00
Sister L. Simmons, Grafton, N.D.	35.00
Mattie Macgregor, Brandon	34.85
Lieutenant Garmann, Grafton, N.D.	34.00
Lieutenant Garmann, Medicine Hat	30.00
Captain Gilliam, Mossburn	28.00
Sergeant McKenna, Wainwright	25.00
Tena Miller, Moose Jaw	25.00
Captain A. Pearce, Calgary	25.00
Captain E. Gamble, Fort William	25.00
Mrs. Adjutant Alward, Fargo	25.00
Lieutenant M. Smith, Fort William	25.00
S. M. Hatford, Fort William	25.00
Mrs. Cowartworth, Wainwright	25.00
Brother Hall, Grand Forks	22.75
Lieutenant Crocker, Brandon	20.00
Mrs. B. Fleetman, Calgary	20.00
Captain Hargrove, Prince Albert	20.00
Lieutenant Crocker, Brandon	17.00
Mrs. J. Davidson, Brandon	17.00
Ensign Mercer, Bismarck	17.00
Mrs. Hagenman, Grafton, N.D.	15.00
Ensign Ferguson, Medicine Hat	15.00
Sergt-Major Towel, Wainwright	15.00
Mrs. Greenwood, Carleton Place	15.00
Lieutenant T. Timson, Emerson	15.00
A. Friday, Edmonton	15.00
Mrs. Habbick, Wainwright	15.00
Mrs. and Mrs. Frank Logan, Calgary	15.00
Mrs. Hansen, Brandon	15.00
J. H. Friese, Calgary	15.00
W. B. Jones, Dauphin	15.00
Mrs. Adjutant Wakefield, Brandon	15.00
Mrs. F. F. F. F.	15.00
John Whitehead, Fort William	15.00
Angus McDonald, Fort William	15.00
Sergt-Major Ganshew, Grand Forks	15.00
Oscar Clark, Grand Forks	15.00
Brother Paulsen, Lethbridge	15.00
Allice Golding, Medicine Hat	15.00
Sergt. Mrs. Evans, Medicine Hat	15.00
Brother Hays, Mossburn	15.00
Sister Rice, Mossburn	15.00
Adjutant McGill, Souris	15.00
Candidate Setler, Wainwright	15.00

SONGS OF THE WEEK.

Love for Souls.

Tunes.—*Tucker; What's the news? Christ for me.*

Lord, put it in every soldier's heart,
Love for souls!
The purpose of Thy life impart,
Love for souls!
Why mercy show in word and deed?
Why for Thy murderers didst Thou plead?
What caused Thy heart to break and bleed?
Love for souls!

What proved to men that Thou wast good?
Love for souls!
What made Thee sweat great drops of blood?
Love for souls!

What meant that inward agony,
That travail which Thy soul did see,
That suffering for eternity?
Love for souls!

What is it will obey Thy call?
Love for souls!
Of gifts, this is the best of all.
Love for souls!

What will to duty gladly fly,
That death and hell cannot destroy,
That always brings the greatest joy?
Love for souls!

Come.

BY GEO. HOLMES, SR., FERNIE, R.C.

Tune.—*Dear Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole.*

2 Come, sinner, the Saviour is calling for thee,
He purchased your pardon on Mount Calvary,
He's waiting to save you, oh, do not delay,
Accept this salvation now offered to-day.
Offered to-day, yes, offered to-day,
Accept this salvation now offered to-day.

Oh, come, sinner, come, this salvation's so free,
Was purchased for you upon Mount Calvary;
Now come to the Saviour and you shall find rest,
Accept this salvation and you will be blest.
You will be blest, yes, you will be blest,
Accept this salvation and you will be blest.

Come, sinner, to Jesus, He yearns for your soul,
Come, plunge in the fountain and you shall be whole;

Your sins He will pardon, and give you release.
Oh, come to the Saviour, and you will find peace.

You will find peace, yes, you will find peace,
Oh, come to the Saviour, and you will find peace.

Come, sinner, to Jesus, your soul He'll set free,
The grace of our God is sufficient for thee;

Come now, get this cleansing, He'll wash you I know,
Your sins, though as scarlet he will wash white as snow

Wash white as snow, yes, wash white as snow,
Your sins, though as scarlet, He will wash white as snow.

He's Calling You.

BY F. C. HUNT, CRANDALL, MAN.

Tune.—*My merry land.*

3 O sinner, come to Jesus now,
He's calling you; (Repeat)
Come, and at His footstool bow,
He's calling you.
Come with all your guilt and shame.
Give up your pride and worldly fame,
And trust alone in Jesus' name,
He's calling you.

Chorus.

He's calling you,
He's calling you, He's calling you.
Oh, will you to His cause be true,
While yet He stands, with bleeding hands,
He's calling you.

Why still from Jesus will you stray?
He's calling you.
Why wander on in sin's dark way?
He's calling you.
Why wander from the Saviour kind,
Why wander on with troubled mind,
While in the world no peace you find?
He's calling you.

If you from Jesus turn away
He'll call no more. (Repeat)
From you He will for ever stay,
He'll call no more.
When death to you it draweth nigh,
You will give that awful cry—
"Oh, all is dark, I dread to die."
He calls no more.

Soon your dying day will come,
His pleading o'er.
You'll never hear the glad "Well done!"
His pleadings o'er.
Down in hell you'll find no peace,
From its pangs there's no relief,
For there'll be nought but pain and grief,
His pleadings o'er.

BY C. BARTON, CROWBOROUGH, ENG.

Tunes.—*Praise; He lives.*

4 O Lord, Thy great command I see,
Thy word, so dear, declares to me,
"Ye must be holy here"—
Be sanctified by grace divine,
And daily in Thine image shine,
I heavenly fruit must bear.

O Lord, I come to Thee just now,
And humbly at Thine altar bow,
I here surrender all.
I rise anew to life divine,
Will henceforth be entirely Thine,
Thou art my all in all.

Oh, what a glorious life is this!
I'm filled with love, and joy, and peace.
And walking in the light;
The Holy Spirit leads me on
To war 'gainst sin and all that's wrong,
And conquer in the fight.

Wondrous Love.

BY R. H. O.

Tunes.—*Auld lang syne; Conference; No other argument.*

5 Declare the Father's wondrous love!
E'en Christ to us He gave,
No other was found good enough
Your soul and mine to save.

Chorus.

Oh, hallelujah to the Lamb!
Our loving hearts reply—
To follow Thy example, Lord,
We'll try—we'll try—we'll try.

Yes, Jesus, too, laid down His life.
Our ransom He became;
Upon the cruel cross He died,
Redemption to proclaim.

Say, shall we prove to Him that on
Each one He can rely?
Let all of us deny ourselves
For His sake. Shall we try?

Only Jesus.

Tunes.—*When the charms of earth are fled; or, When the swallow homeward fly.*

6 When the charms of earth have fled,
When have gone my earthly aims,
When bereavements round me spread
Darkest shadows, bitter pains,
Then to Calvary's cross I cling,
And I'm happy while I sing—

"Only Jesus will I know,
Jesus! Jesus! Jesus crucifier!"

When temptations tempt me sore,
And the hosts of hell attack;
When behind me and before
Darkness would obscure my track,
Then in faith this is my cry,
Even though I'm called to die

When on earth my days are done,
And my name no longer known,
When the Judgment Day has come,
And I stand before the throne,
This my answer then shall be,
As I'm called His face to see—

"Only Jesus have I known,
Jesus! Jesus! Jesus crucified!"

At His Coming.

BY CORPS-CADET FLORENCE GOUGH, DRESDEN.

Tune.—*Shall we gather at the river? (B.J. 21).*

7 When we gather, at His coming,
When the dead in Christ arise,
Shall we hear the Saviour's summons
To His home beyond the skies.

Yes, we'll gather at the river.

Daily nearer draws His coming,
This will make His own rejoice,
These are they who fear to meet Him,
Such as now love not His voice.

When the Saviour, at His coming—
Shall His own to glory bring,
Will you be among the number,
Will you, too, His praises sing?

Ere the day of Jesus' coming
Seek His pardon free to know,
Be your stains of sin as scarlet,
He will wash you white as snow.

Get Ready for His Coming.

BY ENSIGN WHITTEKER, T. H. Q.

Tune.—*Scatter seeds of kindness.*

8 Are you ready for the coming
Of the blessed Lord of light?
Have you sought the cleansing fountain,
Have your garments been made white?
Oh, remember when you think not
He will bear your soul away;
Shall it be to fearful torment,
Or to realms of endless day?

Get ready for His coming, (Repeat)
Every chance will soon be gone.

In the hours of early morning,
When the earth is fresh with dew,
And the birds are blithely singing,
Bringing naught but life in view,
And your heart is light and gladsome,
With no thought of future woe,
Then it may be Christ will call you—
When the call comes you must go.

Or it may be in the daytime,
When you're busy at your work,
That the dread death-angel may so
Silently about you lurk;
In the rush and whirl of business,
With no thought of coming woe,
He with icy hand may claim you;
If he does you can't say "No."

Or perhaps just in the twilight,
When your busy day is done,
And a well-earned rest you're seeking
By the fireside of your home,
With the joys of life around you,
And no thought of dread or fear,
Suddenly He then may take you
From the things you hold so dear.

Or at midnight, when you're sleeping,
Dreaming not of that dread hour,
He who sleeps or slumbers never,
May then manifest His power;
And your spirit, all unconscious
Of the danger that may come,
May be carried swiftly, surely,
To its everlasting doom.

Pleasure-seeker, drunkard, swearer,
You who love in sin to roam,
While you're rushing to do evil,
You are rushing to your doom.
From the scenes of giddy laughter,
Pleasures seeming gay and bright,
He may take you, O poor lost one,
To eternity's dark night.